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The TATLER

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London, July 22, 1931

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* 1931 *

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The TATTLER

Vol. CXXI. No. 1569.

London, July 22, 1931

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TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (JULY 22): LADY HELEN
PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE AND (INSET) HER FIANCE

Salisbury Cathedral will be the setting to-day (Wednesday) for the marriage of Lord Hambleton's youngest brother to Lady Helen Pleydell-Bouverie, Lord Radnor's youngest sister. Lady Helen, who is fair and very intelligent, has a delightful laugh and hosts of friends. She made many new ones when she paid South Africa a visit last winter. Mr. David Smith, now twenty-four years of age, was exceedingly popular at Oxford, where he was "up" longer than most people. After a world tour, which included a study of American business methods, he went into the family firm of W. H. Smith and Son, founded by his great-grandfather. There he is learning the ropes of every department in turn, thus keeping up one of the traditions of this famous house. After the wedding a reception will be held at Longford Castle

Photographs by Mesdames Morter, Lower Grosvenor Place



THE HON. DAVID SMITH



Sasha
MRS. FRANK D'ARCY AND MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER
AT A CHARITY MATINÉE

The Charity Matinée at the new Cambridge Theatre last week was in aid of the funds of the Marie Curie Hospital, and Society moved up en masse in support of it. The main scheme of the performance was tableaux of pictures by famous artists, Suggia's one, by Augustus John, being for instance one of them. Mrs. Washington Singer is the wife of the well-known owner and member of the Jockey Club

GROSVENOR SQUARE, S.W.1
SUCH doings, my dear! "We don't know what we've seen and we don't know where we've been," as the old lady sang on returning from Southend.

I certainly could hardly believe my eyes at the Eton and Harrow. "Just like décolleté Christmas crackers" was a quite apt description of several parading figures. But there were lots of really pretty frocks, with wearers to match. Lady Broughton was a good example in black and white chiffon. "She" and "Jock" were being well cared for by their son.

Mrs. Vernon Tate looked delightful in Harrow blue lace, while her daughter, Miss Russell, was Etonian from head to foot in tucked and ruffled muslin. Mrs. George Lambton was feverishly seeking lunch in a box she couldn't locate, and when I met charming Bishop de Salis he was hurrying to keep an assignation. "Where?" sez I. "Behind the screen," sez he.

Passing remarks readily catch the ear at Lord's. Here are some samples:—

Two very young O.E.'s meet. "Hullo, not seen you for years." "No, perfect decades; how's life?" "Oh, absolutely *tortuous*."

Pre-war O.E. to feminine companion who has deprecated the monotony of Eton victories. "A pity Harrow were beaten? You might as



AT NEWMARKET: THE HON. MRS. WILFRED EGERTON AND THE HON. LIONEL MONTAGU

At the Second July Behind the Ditch last week. The Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton is a sister-in-law of Lord Ellesmere, owner of Four Course, who won the One Thousand and was second in the Oaks. He also owns the somewhat disappointing Lemnarchus and Tilson, by which he was represented in the Eclipse. The Hon. Lionel Montagu is an uncle of Lord Swaythling

The Letters of Eve



Sasha
LADY FURNESS AND THE HON. AVERILL FURNESS

Two more of the many people who were at the matinée at the Cambridge Theatre in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital. Lady Furness is the decorative wife of Lord Furness, whose seat is Burrough Court, Melton, and the Hon. Averill Furness is Lord Furness' daughter by his first marriage

well say it's a pity the Germans didn't win the war."

Maurice Chevalier, marvellously brown, was looking very gay in a grey topper and seemed to be enjoying the day's play immensely. His star appearance though was the night he went to see himself as Nelson Keys sees him in *Folly to be Wise*. When "Bunch" had finished, the spotlight was turned on the box which housed Maurice and he at once sprang to his feet and proceeded to take off his impersonator! The house, full of school-boys, rocked with joy, and no one was more delighted than "Bunch" himself.

This plan of having the original to compare with the copy was repeated at Sir Neville and Lady Pearson's dance. Here Betty Pollock was exemplifying the sincerest form of flattery and finished up her imitations by giving one of her hostess, at the special request of the victim herself! This grand turn was part of the awfully good cabaret, some other ingredients being Frances Day, Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, and (would you believe it?), Malcolm Sargent as accompanist. What a capture!

The Pearsons' house at Highgate is old and beautifully done up. When we arrived a Spanish orchestra was making music in a large marquee, but we had another to dance to. Everything splendidly arranged, and the givers of the party were wonderful at seeing that a good time was had by all. Miss Joan Buckmaster, in white with blue beads, kept an eye to things too, aided and abetted by brother John who had invited lots of friends from Eton.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were the chief guests. Mr. Eddie Ward brought his twin-brother, Sir George Arthur his wife, the Jack Gilliats two sons, Lady

Forbes-Robertson two daughters, and Lord Portarlington one buttonhole.

Others there included Lord Cromer, Miss Jeanne du Maurier, Lord Jersey, Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm, and Mr. Robert Grant. Mr. Grant is a genial American who owns a lot of Long Island and a son called Bobby. The latter is over here too just now. He went to Harvard after leaving

Mr. John Pilkington was happily engaged in preparing some "Between the Sheets" (lest you should be taken aback, I must explain that this is the elegant name of a new quick drink), and Mr. Levita, Lord Selby, Mr. Ricardo, and Miss Villiers-Smith all seemed to appreciate his kind thought.

That the supply of small sausages ran out was apparently due to the fact that Miss MacRae and Sir Michael Culme-Seymour accidentally lighted on their hiding place behind a curtain whilst looking for a quiet corner in which to rest.



AT NEWMARKET: LADY MARY AND LADY SUSAN EGERTON

Two of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's daughters. A snapshot of their aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton, is on the opposite page, where there is also a reference to the horses owned by Lord Ellesmere



AT THE SECOND JULY MEETING: LT.-COLONEL SIR GORDON CARTER, LADY OLEIN WYNDHAM-QUIN, AND A FRIEND

Another snapshot at the Newmarket Second July. It seems hardly necessary to say that Sir Gordon Carter's name spells "Ascot." Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin is Lord and Lady Dunraven's only daughter

Eton, and, like his father, plays a very good game of golf.

The flat-warming party given by Mr. John Paget in St. James' Court was most spectacular. One room was decorated to represent an Andalusian bar. Posters of bull-fights covered the walls, there were two barrels of sherry, Spanish "tapas," and everywhere the monarchist colours: these out of compliment to the Conde de Albiz and Don Gabriel de Gonzalez, with whom Sir Stephen Bull, Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, and Mr. John Marks were carrying on a brisk conversation in Spanish.

Next door, the less discerning contented themselves with champagne-cocktails and caviar. I also saw Miss More-Molyneux endeavouring to eat a lichee without going through the preliminary formality of removing its rather prickly shell, while Mrs. Stephen Pilkington contentedly chewed lotus seeds.



AT THE NEWMARKET SALES: MAJOR-GENERAL AND MRS. CATOR

A snapshot on the day when the yearlings held the stage, and incidentally did not make big prices. The two top figures were the colt by Blandford—1,500 guineas—owned by Lord Willoughby de Broke, and another Blandford, the property of Mr. Lee-Norman, 1,600 guineas. Major-General Cator, Coldstream Guards, has been G.O.C. the Lucknow District since 1927

There was another vast bottle party the next evening, a really super affair, at 36, Seymour Street. It had four hosts, Miss Pat Robertson (who provided the parking place), Mr. John De Forest, Lord Churston, and Mr. Terry Weldon. Then there were two bars, and Harry Roy's band from the Bat.

The invitations urged one to "come and go, stay or pass out, and do as you please," and I can assure you stayers were in the majority. All very amusing indeed. Lord Inverclyde was there and Captain Barnato, the Queensberrys, Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, the Broughams, Mrs. Claude Leigh, and so on and on and on.

The outstanding excitement of the recent Bembridge Regatta was neither the beauty and distinction of the gathering nor the skill and gallantry of those who went down to the sea in ships, but the twin offspring of two water-wagtails who reposed in a nest in the forepeak of club boat No. 8. The parent birds had twice constructed a nest in different club boats and twice had it destroyed, but their third home was allowed to remain, with the happy result that eggs and nestlings arrived in due season.

These boats are raced in the Solent most days of the week, and when No. 8 arrives back in harbour the anxious parents are always found waiting to nourish their young.

(Continued overleaf)
b 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

The club boats are exactly similar in appearance, and the wagtails examine each one after it is left on its moorings till they find their adventurous children.

Pulled unwillingly in the wake of the Victorian backwash of fashion, I only realized the full force of its horrors at the *première* of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. The frills, the furbelows, the bows, the birdcage skirts, and oh! the nests of heads which were not only on view on the stage, but had also distributed themselves discreetly among the audience. "Period" coiffures, my dear, that end in a cone at the back of the head, *à la* Aztec; and also one of a slightly later date—those sausage rolls which increase the size of the cranium *ad nauseam* and *ad infinitum*.

Having been educated to a calm and elegant line, the sudden surge back to the *baroque*, the unnecessary ornament, the distorting bulges suggestive of a dressed-up Epstein figure almost send one reeling towards nudism!

However, there were compensations. Mrs. Evan Morgan was there in a little flame-coloured velvet coat, and another who had not succumbed to the prevailing mode of the 'eighties was Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton, very chic and narrow in a patterned chiffon, with a scarlet flower over her ear and a handkerchief to match. She with her husband forgathered with her mother several times during the intervals, and left early.

There'll be an air-full of aeroplanes at Heston on Saturday when the most sporting meeting of the ether takes place. The King's Cup race



IN THE PARK: MRS. EDWARD RICE

Mrs. Edward Rice is a daughter of Lady Curzon of Kedleston by her first marriage. Mrs. Edward Rice's young son is now recovering from a serious operation

round England for a amateur "birds" promises to be the greatest fun for spectators as well as competitors. For one thing there is to be a tote, so that friends and relations can back their fancy without let or hindrance. Then flying displays of all sorts, in which Herr Ernst Udet, the famous German aviator, is to take part, will be given whilst waiting for the "runners" to come and go.

After their northern circuit they call in at Heston about four o'clock and are due to reappear from their southern turn three hours later. The list of pilots is imposing. Miss Winifred Brown, as last year's winner, is a very redoubtable entrant. Mr. Jack Chaplin is one of the heroes of the "Warsaw and back in a day" expedition, and Mrs. Victor Bruce is, as everyone knows, always on the move.

Miss Diana Guest is determined not to be beaten by her father, and Miss Jackman will regard her brother's efforts with a critical eye, she having just won a TATLER flying scholarship.

Though it's comparatively easy to get engaged, not everyone has such a tremendous celebration of the event as Mr. Peter Horlick and Miss Rosemary Nicholl. She is a water-sprite who lives at Wargrave, so it was quite correct that the maffickings should take place on the River.

Lady Horlick left nothing to chance or the English summer

so arranged duplicated dining tables for her thirty guests. One was well out in the garden, but the other under cover, prepared for the worst. Instead of a cabaret to follow we were treated to a river tour in a great big boat. Apparently it was possible to charter a vessel holding either seven or seventy—nothing between, so at the end of dinner something like the *Aquitania* appeared. Such fun, and dawn really did surprise us.

No wonder Mr. Eddie Tatham is wanted in America, he's such good company. Mr. Peter Flower has one of the jolliest laughs; altogether a rollicking to-do.

Further news from Holyrood comes about the Garden Party.

Alas! for the storm which, appearing with theatrical splendour at half-time, spoilt everyone's fun. Very little shelter was available except for the tea tent, bandstand, and Lord Airlie who harboured at

least three lovely creatures under his plaid.

Mrs. Sholto Douglas did well in black and white, Lady Elgin in beach-brown, and Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Francis Erskine were two attractive newly-marrieds who had been presented the day before. Mrs. John Menzies and Mrs. Charles Graham were a striking pair seen against a background of strawberries and cream.

My information about the Royal Ball is, perforce, second hand, but everyone tells me that it was *simply too wonderful*, with none of that stiffness which might have been expected in such a truly regal atmosphere.

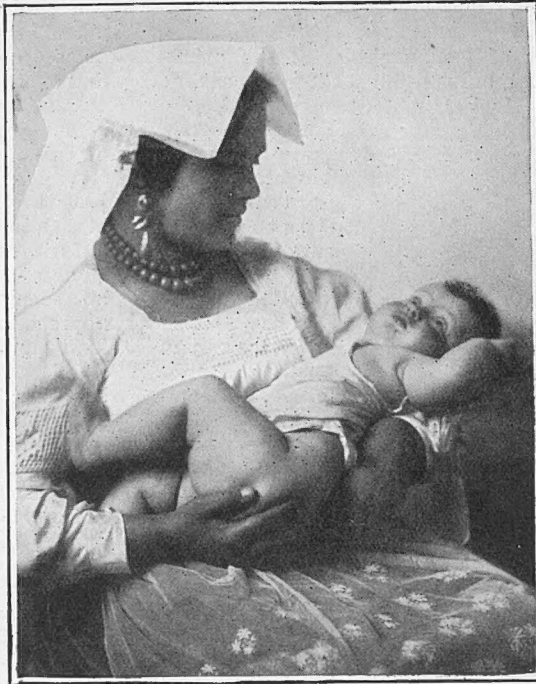
Her Majesty looked, as usual, every inch the Queen. While dancing with the Prince of Wales she had some difficulty with her train; however she managed with dexterity and consummate grace to arrange this suitably.

The Palace had scarcely any floral decorations, but the perfect Regency rooms made a brave background to beauty. White was very prevalent. The Duchess of York wore it with orchids, so did Princess Ingrid, and Lady Louis Mountbatten's frock was patterned with gold thread. Magnificent tiaras were to be seen on the lovely heads of Lady Brownlow, Lady Weymouth, Lady Hambleden, and Lady Stavordale; Lady Erleigh's—a modern sun design of diamonds—was particularly admired.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, like His Majesty, wore kilts, but Prince George, in uniform, ably represented England, and danced often with Lady Dalkeith.

Though scarcely any débutantes were in evidence it was essentially a young party. Engaged couples were "two a penny"; Miss Alvide Bridges and Mr. Anthony Chaplin, Miss Romaine Combe and Lord Castlereagh, and Miss Judy Denman and Mr. Burrell all respectively having a marked preference for each other's society, as was right and proper. Lady "Georgie" Curzon, who had camellias in her hair, looked quite beautiful, and Lord Jersey, Lord Long, Lord O'Neill, and Lord "Claudie" Hamilton were a few of the many young men.

Swords and hats could not be left in the cloak rooms so were deposited in rows on the sofas outside the ball-room, presenting a most intriguing appearance. No more room.—EVE.



ELETTTRA MARCONI AND HER NURSE

Aboard the Marchese Marconi's S.Y. "Eletttra," where the daughter of the house is in command at the moment, her parents being in London. The baby is brought to the microphone at least once a day so that her mother and father can hear her broadcast a few coos! The Marchesa Marconi was formerly the Contessa Maria Bezzi-Scali

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WEDDING BELLS IN WESTMINSTER



SIR HUGH JACKSON AND HIS BRIDE,
FORMERLY MISS LOFTUS ST. GEORGE



LADY SALISBURY AND SIR JAMES
BARRIE AT LORD ERNE'S WEDDING



MARRIED IN THE ABBEY: LORD
ERNE AND LADY DAVINA LYTTON



MR. AND MRS. RUDYARD KIPLING
EN ROUTE FOR ST. MARGARET'S



ARRIVING FOR HER SON'S WEDDING: LADY MARY
STANLEY AND COLONEL THE HON. ALGERNON STANLEY

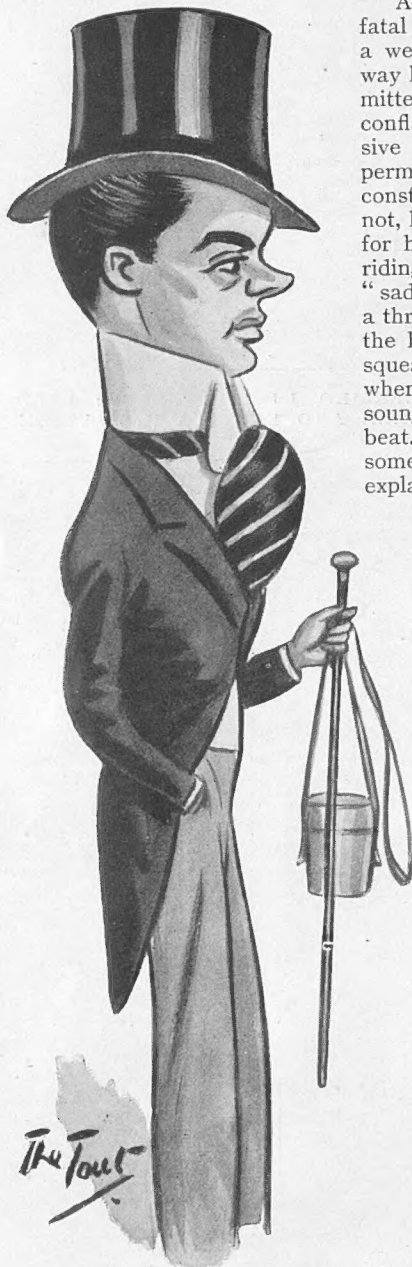


MRS. BALFOUR AND THE
DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Westminster was full of wedding guests on Wednesday last. Miss Loftus St. George became Lady Jackson at St. Margaret's, and a short time later the same church was the setting for the marriage of Lord and Lady Brentford's younger son, the Hon. Lancelot Joynson-Hicks, to Miss Phyllis Allfrey. Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his wife were two of the many guests at the latter ceremony. In spite of the rain huge crowds waited for hours outside the Abbey to witness the arrival of Lord and Lady Lytton's second daughter for her wedding with Lord Erne, who is Lady Mary Stanley's son by her first marriage. Lady Davina looked quite lovely in her silver brocade gown, and she had a retinue of sixteen, the bridesmaids in white and silver and the pages in gold lamé. Lord and Lady Salisbury lent their house in Arlington Street for the reception, and Sir James Barrie, the Duchess of Portland, and Mrs. Ronald Balfour were among the four hundred guests

RACING RAGOUT : By "GUARDRAIL"

THE Bibury meeting, so admirably run by Captain Basil Williams, finished on Thursday with no great event of importance, except the reappearance and easy win of Orta, the best filly so far seen out. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester rode in two amateur events, being placed in each, and it was in one of these that the petty-mindedness of the average punter was displayed. The horse on which he had invested (euphemistic word) his tenner on the strength of its having a stone in hand, appeared at the distance to hold an outstanding chance until its enthusiastic jockey elected to ride a finish which sealed its fate. Did he admire the dogged courage of the luckily dumb animal struggling on against frightful odds, unbalanced as an erotic débutante? Did he appreciate the self-inflicted choking asphyxia and imminent nasal hæmorrhage of the rider? No. He threw his glasses to the floor and, remarking "That man would stop Cameronian," withdrew for further consolation from the ever-sparkling "widow" with the gold foil and biscuit-coloured label. This isn't the sporting spirit which improves our unrivalled breed of horses.



PRINCE ALI KHAN

Who got *Fleeting Memory* for £1,500—a bargain price—at the Newmarket Sales. *Fleeting Memory* is engaged in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, run on July 28. Prince Ali Khan is the Aga Khan's son, and is a keen amateur jockey

An untoward but luckily not fatal accident was the burning of a well-known jockey's car on the way home from the sports, a committee of experts deciding that the conflagration was due to the excessive heat generated by the owner permeating the well-worn, specially constructed asbestos seats. It is not, however, considered necessary for him to carry a Minimax when riding. Possibly it is a form of "sadism," but who can help feeling a thrill at the agonized squeals of the hurt or frightened book-maker, squeals which only become audible when the "job" connects, but sound more like purrs when it gets beat. The latest case elucidated some very interesting facts, mostly explained in words of one syllable, so to speak, in order to be intelligible to the least technical.

Counsel: The horse, m'lud, was backed at s.p.

His Lordship: I take it that means he had a saddle put on him for the first time, but where is s.p.?

Counsel: The animal in question was placed second.

His Lordship: Do I understand that he came in first but was, like Mick the Miller, disqualified for barking or something?

Counsel: The plaintiff was only allowed to wire five pounds up to the off.

His Lordship: But why? Lord Nibs can, I understand, have a thousand pounds on twenty-four hours after the race.

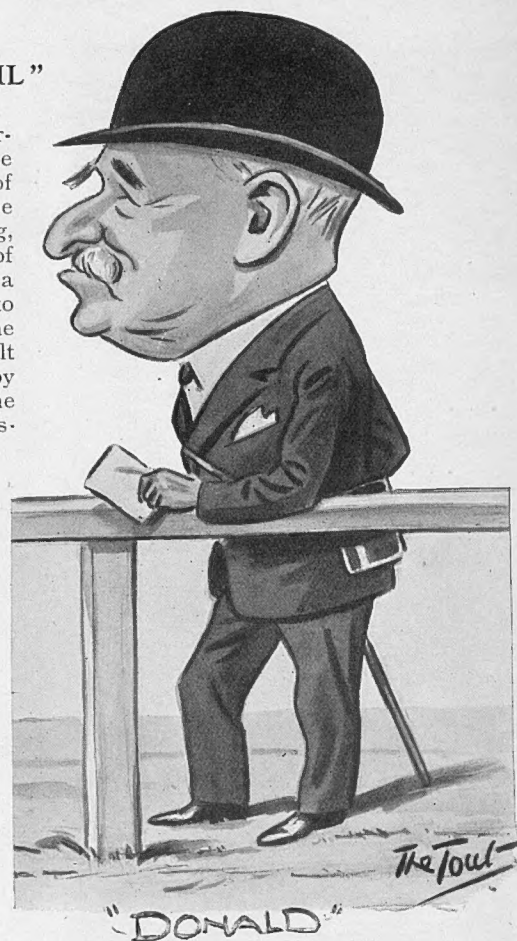
Counsel: That is to make the aristocracy enthusiastic.

And so on.

It has ever been a fly in the ointment of the s.p. jobber that many book-makers will refuse to pay over a winner, though so far as I can trace no case has been recorded of a book-maker refusing to draw over a loser. I must admit, however, that it is a new one on me, as the brass bedstead remarked, that there was a "heads I win, tails you lose" method possible for the punter, too. A careful study of the telegraph regulations divulges the fact that wires not already transmitted

can be repurchased for the paltry sum of 4d., so that the jobber by sending, say, "The Song of Solomon" to a friend by wire to hold up the line can get the result of the race by 'phone before the bets are transmitted. Should the horse have been beaten, by this method a clear economy of £9 19s. 8d. can be effected on each tenner wire; in fact, it becomes unnecessary ever to back a loser. Whoever first discovered this must have had three double crosses of Shylock on either side of his pedigree. Book-makers are a nervous race, and I personally am no longer allowed to bet with a man whose reputation and name are spotless because I betted £70 one week on 2 to 1 chances and came out a winner of £3!!!

While on the subject of law courts one cannot pass without comment the Ben Travers farce case of the matrimonial complications of the gentleman who "took part in motoring competitions at Brooklands" much in the same way that Donoghue takes part in riding competitions at Epsom. It is odd how no one can resist a "busman's holiday" and, as everything connected with the stage is of such absorbing interest, I make no apology for giving the full story of this entertainment which has been so meagrely reported. It happened this way, look. Mr. Rake Thynne, and Mr. Tom Balbus were motoring at night in Sussex when they, as usual, heard the cries of beauty in distress. Mr. Thynne having despatched Mr. Balbus for the police, rushed to the scene, only to discover that the cries were those of a lonely maiden in her sleep. Something must be found to appease the police who were heard walking up the path when, as by a miracle, Mr. Forbes Rabbit appeared blinking through the back door. Hastily brushing some fluff from his sleeve, Mr. Thynne explained to him that his only chance to avoid being arrested as a wife-beater was by giving up his trousers and pretending to be a lunatic escaped from the Haywards Heath asylum. The ruse succeeded admirably. Mr. Rabbit was incarcerated as a dangerous *sans culotte*, and Mr. Thynne and Mr. Balbus were driven back to London by the real wife-beater, after both tossing with double-headed coins as to which should sit in the back with Miss Trotter. Miss B. Rough was indisposed and her understudy useless. To revert to racing, the week was ended at Lingfield, where Miss Sheriffe opened her winning career as an owner with Sicily, trained by Major Vandy Beatty, who also won the two-year-old selling next day. Padishah won the new £1,000 Lingfield Produce Plate, this time running as straight as a die and winning without ever being off the bit. This is a really beautiful grey with grand action, and now that he has got over his greenness he will not often be beaten. Doctor Dolittle cantered away from Abbots Worthy, and Fred Fox rode a very pretty match on Cheery Lad to win from West Wicklow, who doesn't seem to be a horse at all these days. Beyond this there was but little of interest in the two days.



MR. DONALD FRASER

"The Tout's" impression of the well-known owner and breeder at Newmarket last week. Although the yearling prices were not outstanding, the figures for the whole of the sales at the Second July were nearly £4,000 in excess of last year's

AT THE GREEN HOWARDS' DINNER



SOME OF THOSE WHO WERE THERE—BY FRED MAY

The Green Howards (Alexandra Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment), the old 19th Foot, held their reunion dinner at that place known to some of us as The Rag, and it was, as all such functions should be, a most convivial gathering. General Sir Edward Bulfinch is the present doyen of the regiment, as he joined in 1884, and was born in 1862. Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Ledgard commands the 1st Battalion now lying at Aldershot, and Brig.-General Stansfield was until recently Commandant at the Small Arms School at Hythe. The regiment was raised first in 1688 to assist the great Orangeman to become King William III of England, and it had its first taste of war at Steinkirk in 1692, and like so many others revisited the scenes of these early exploits between 1914 and 1918, and afterwards carried on and had a go in a less advertised war, the Afghan one of 1919

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Present *versus* Posthumous Fame.

SOMETIMES as I walk around gazing at the nation's monuments to famous men I ask myself, *why statues?* A man's or woman's life-work may have been wonderful and glorious, and, given some symbol of this glorious achievement, a sculptor could build up marvels of sheer beauty, so that later generations might be forced to stop and admire; unconsciously linking the name of the person thus commemorated with something lovely, something truly significant of what the dead man or woman actually achieved. This is sometimes done abroad where a mere bust is surrounded by carved emblems of the sculptor's genius, so that the place is made more beautiful, and to visit it becomes the act of a joyous pilgrimage. But what on earth is a sculptor, with genius or without, to do for a man with a fat stomach or a woman the beauty of whose character lay entirely in her virtues? He can do nothing at all, except turn the town, as London has been turned, into a kind of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in bronze. Soldiers on horse-back, statesmen in full regalia, fat kings registering dictatorship, London and most other towns are filled by unlovely effigies representing men and women over whom Dame Nature obviously took no trouble. Whereas, if each had been represented by some beautiful symbol in stone, there would not appear everywhere around so much pitiful waste of a sculptor's art and a country's money. It belongs, I suppose, to an as yet unsuppressed adoration of idols. We still love to cast our laurels before *figures*. Unconsciously we associate with a figure something of what was actual *life*. Otherwise, I suppose, we should substitute a lily for the paint and plaster Virgin Mary in our "higher" churches, and cease to achieve, by that strange reasoning of which church-goers seem to hold the key, the illogical conclusions that the one would represent paganism but the other is holy worship. Subconsciously we refuse to believe that any actual *figure* is without life. We don't recognize *life* within an *idea*, only within a physical form. Hence the Madame Tussaud aspect of our cities and towns. Hence also, presumably, our tomb-stones, many of our street names, and all or nearly all, our commemorative monuments. Yet if a man's or woman's work and influence does not live on after their death, a replica in stone of what they looked like can easily become merely a convenience for birds. Because the Royal Artillery Memorial is a grimly beautiful symbol of war and death in stone it is visited by thousands, but Queen Victoria sitting in the middle of her fountain has become merely the colossal centre of a traffic merry-go-round which would have been more effective without the Queen and in any case is symbolical of no Victorian glory; indeed, rather that of some producer of a Folies-Bergère revue if of anything at all. I suppose it is that so few of the Great Ones really make good statues; it should not be expected of them. Whereas their greatness embodies some fine ideal fit subject for the sculptor's art. But the

world doesn't want a symbol, it wants a free exhibition. Incidentally, it always seems a pity there cannot be an interchange of statues; so that John Morley might occasionally come from Nottingham to stand with his arm outstretched, and his ill-fitting trousers and frock-coat, under the dome of the Albert Memorial, and Prince Albert gaze thoughtfully down Market Street, and at the advancing buses for a space. Artistically statues fulfil so seldom any other purpose than that comprised in Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. And yet to feel that you might one day be com-

memorated by a replica of yourself in bronze would please most people even though their image were more a traffic obstruction than a thing of joy. It is human nature to want to live on after we are dead, and we cannot disassociate something of life in either memorial, tomb, or painted portrait. "That was 'Enry 'Iggens of 'Ighgate, that was," says one visitor to another, and as the other gazes at the statue of what was once Henry Higgins, a little of actual *being* returns from the dust which his body has now become. People want laurels to-day and they want them *to-morrow*. We don't like to think we can ever be completely forgotten as if we had never been. It makes some of our ambitions seem so completely tin-pot. And so, in the world of creative art the actor is always pitied. He cannot hand on his genius to subsequent generations. The author hopes that in handing down his books he is handing down something of himself, and by so much as he is able to hand down, by so much he will still live on remembered. It is so difficult to realize that the memory which lasts five minutes and the memory which lasts five centuries may practically be said to meet in nullity from the point of view of the immeasurable years. Yet, after all, it is something to have brought joy and happiness and thought and beauty to present-day thousands even though you leave behind merely the fragrance of an indefinite memory. Never can I commiserate with those who create such fragrance. This impression came to me especially as I was reading Walford Hyden's vivid and interesting book, "Pavlova: The Genius of the Dance" (Constable, 8s. 6d.). The author was Pavlova's musical director for nearly twenty years and as such was brought into close professional and personal contact with the great dancer. The picture he gives of her tends to increase our admiration for her art while presenting to us a personality which has all the curious contradictions of an ordinary human being, yet inspired unto glory by one fixed idea—the idea that she, Pavlova, had a life mission to perform, and that mission was to spread throughout the world beauty through the expression of the ballet. She was not only a genius of the dance, she was as much a disciple of it as Diaghilev himself. That the two could not remain long together was inevitable. Pavlova's astonishing magnetism of personality, her demand for absolute freedom to express her art in her own individual way, could not be fettered by any other influence than that coming entirely from herself. Whereas most of the more famous Diaghilev dancers faded away when



SIR OSWALD STOLL

By Autori

An impression of one of the great pillars of the British entertainment industry, chairman and managing director of the Coliseum, where "White Horse Inn" was an absolute inspiration and has given us a further proof of Sir Oswald Stoll's vision, and also chairman and managing director of the Alhambra, where another super-show will arrive presently. To catalogue all Sir Oswald Stoll's activities and achievements, past and present, would absorb a whole number of this paper, and we are therefore compelled to take refuge behind the advice: *vide* any book of reference

(Continued on p. 138)

FURTHER OUTLOOK—UNSETTLED

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



She: The doctor told me when my sister came out of the 'orspital she'd be a different woman,
but to my mind she's never bin the same since

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

severed from the Diaghilev Ballet, Pavlova shone never so brilliantly as when she was dancing on the stage alone. More than any other dancer in the world whom I have ever seen she could conquer an audience on her first entrance. Although, apart from the sheer loveliness of her own art, she brought forward nothing that was revolutionary or new, this art and this artist were so supreme that one wanted nothing more than the medium through which she offered the world her genius—so long as she, herself, was on the stage. As Mr. Hyden writes, had she not been the greatest dancer in the world she would have been one of the world's greatest actresses. It was this combination of actress with dancer which made Pavlova unique among the artists of her time. Yet, although Walford Hyden's description of her dancing life is intensely interesting, it is his description of the dancer herself which fascinates. Her immense charm was combined with sudden bursts of bad temper; her kindliness was combined with acts of intense selfishness; her restlessness, so that she was always planning fresh worlds to conquer, when by rights she ought to have been "resting"; her inexhaustible energy, combined with her inner yearning to live quietly for a while at her Hampstead home and to idle away the hours—all make up a human picture, the portrait of a great artist, gifted or cursed by the temperament of genius.

Above all, her absorption in her art; an absorption which prevented her ever making friends, which drove her on and on irresistibly as by an inner force of which she could never become master. She died—one might almost say "happily"—at a time when by all the laws of nature the quality of her art must have deteriorated perforce. Yet her spirit was such that it could only have viewed this deterioration in terms of tragedy. Beyond her art Pavlova kept nothing of herself for herself alone.

Her name and fame would have carried her along perhaps. Yet remembering Pavlova in her prime I, for one, thank Heaven the memory of it did not become eventually discouraged as it was in the case of Bernhardt during her later years, or by Patti during one of her many "final appearances." Pavlova's art and personality remain, therefore, memories of sheer beauty, the like of which we shall never see again—since the spirit which inspired her genius is no more. And so, in Walford Hyden's very interesting book, this memory is jogged, while something of Pavlova's uniqueness returns to remind us of the very lovely art of which she was the supreme exponent. The book is plentifully illustrated. I cannot imagine anyone who once saw her dance who will not eagerly read it at once—if only to recapture a few of the most glamorous memories of yesteryear.

Two Unusual Novels.

One of the "meatiest" and, incidentally, one of the most absorbing novels I have read for a long time is "Who Goes Home!" (Benn. 7s. 6d.), by A. P. Nicholson, so well known as "A. P. H." in another literary sphere. The story covers a large canvas, but it is more than adequately filled in by

descriptions of modern conditions, especially in Government affairs, and these, having the true ring of authenticity, alone make the novel worth reading. The characters are equally convincing and the main theme exciting and very human. Sir Richard Garriock, Under-Secretary, and regarded on all hands as the coming Prime Minister, suddenly finds his ambition threatened, his whole career likely to be ruined, by the fruits of one amorous adventure. Dolly, the young wife of Sidney Brandon, writes to tell him that she is going to tell her husband of their secret love affair, and feels sure that he will act on the evidence offered to bring divorce proceedings. The letter comes, alas! at a moment when Garriock had ceased to be infatuated. Real though his love for Brandon's wife had been at the moment, he loved his ambitions more dearly; moreover, outside any question of ambition, he yearned to work for and help his country. To be the co-respondent in a divorce suit would ruin everything. His love for Dolly wasn't worth such a personal tragedy; her love for him was unworthy of such self-sacrifice on his part. He begs the woman to postpone her confession. In the meanwhile, though it had been arranged before Garriock knew of Dolly's intention, a friendly fencing match had been arranged between himself and Brandon. During this match Garriock's foil breaks and, the button off, pierces Brandon, who dies. Was it intentional? Was it an accident? The world, as well as the reader, is left in doubt. Brandon's mother publicly accuses Garriock of murder. He brings a libel action, loses it, and is tried for murder. Mr. Nicholson keeps up the tension of his story remarkably. Not for a long while have I read a novel which so utterly and so completely took me, as the saying goes, out of myself. Equally interesting, although in an entirely different genre, is Mr. Douglas Sladen's "The Greek Slave" (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.).

In this novel the author achieves a real triumph by laying his plot in Ancient Greece, making Alexander the Great his hero, while at the same time giving us an excellent story, to which is added a most convincing picture of Ancient Greek life. A whole personal story is attached to the writing of this remarkably vivid novel which took the author eight years to write. Which one can easily believe—the mass of interesting detail being wonderfully woven into a plot concerning the rise, almost to supreme power, of a beautiful Greek slave. The story is a real achievement; interesting from beginning to end and not in the least "heavy" to read; while the information it contains makes it more than worth while apart from any other consideration.



Our Boarding House Captain (setting his field): And you—er—let me see—you go right out into the deep!

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.



MR. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, COLONEL FITZGEORGE, THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES (AFTERWARDS KING EDWARD VII), CAPTAIN FITZGEORGE, MR. REUBEN SASSOON, AND THE PRINCE'S EQUERRY

LONG YEARS AGO

These reprints from some old negatives dating back to the middle eighties may be of much interest to anyone who is fond of the history of our raiment. It was the time when the late King, then Prince of Wales, created the vogue for the Homburg hat, which has survived, and also patronized the moribund straw-boater of to-day, a bit of head-gear which might come back, who knows? if given a chance. It was the days of tight waists and peculiarly shaped hats, and of the long skirts which swept the ground and which apparently are again making an appeal to the most modern woman. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was a first cousin of H.M. Queen Victoria, son of Adolphus Duke of Cambridge, son of George III. Colonel Cuthbert Larking, who is in the lower picture, is the father of Captain Dennis Larking, R.N., who was Naval Attaché at Rome for many years



COLONEL CUTHBERT LARKING, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, MRS. CUNARD, MRS. DICKINSON, AND ANOTHER



THE NORTHANTS AERO CLUB AT THE SYWELL AERODROME

Holloway

Where they held a flying meeting recently with much success. The names, reading round the table, are: Mr. Beaumont Reynolds, Mr. C. M. Newton, Mr. J. Linnell, Commander Geoffrey Stuart, R.N., Mr. and Mrs. H. Deterding, and Mrs. Harold Brown. Mr. J. Linnell, with his brother Geoffrey, own a Parnall Pixie 6-h.p. machine and a Gipsy Moth. They were keen private owners before the club's formation in 1927 and were the first members to join. Commander Stuart joined the club last week as its new secretary. A son of Sir J. J. Stuart, R.N., he entered the Navy from Bedford School in 1905. He comes from the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club, where he held a similar appointment. Mr. H. Deterding is a son of the oil king (Sir Henri Deterding), lives at Newnham, near Daventry, and owns a Moth, having just landed from a visit to Le Touquet when this picture was taken. Mrs. Harold Brown is well known with the Pytchley

Air Travel at Last.

ON the morning of the day before these notes were written, while I was sitting in the cabin of the new Handley-Page Hannibal being flown by Captain Wilcockson across the Channel from Hastings to Abbeville, I was reminded of another strongly contrasted cross-Channel incident. I was taking an experimental armoured aeroplane from England across to the Expeditionary Force in France. The engine was running badly, the compass had not been swung, it was foggy, and the thick armour in which the whole forepart of the fuselage was encased gave the aeroplane the gliding angle of a paving stone. Just before I set out over the water a Royal Flying Corps mechanic at Hawkinge expressed my thoughts with striking accuracy: "You won't float long in that — submarine, sir," he said.

Between that incident and this there is a gap in time of only fourteen years; but in progress in the technique of cross-Channel flying there is a gap of 114 years. For with the introduction into service of the new Imperial Airways fleet of "42's" air travel is at last as it ought to be. At last it is possible to take a ticket for the journey from London to Paris at a lower price than a rail and boat ticket, to sit in a vehicle more comfortable than train or ship, and to travel over sea and land without changing. It has been realized that the twentieth century human being is soft, delicate and easily upset, and that when he is being conveyed from place to place he must be packed at least as carefully as apples. The putting into service on the London-Paris route of the "42's" has lifted air travel from the savage to the civilized, the pithecanthrop to the neanthropic, the shattering to the suave.

Rumours.

Ever since Imperial Airways ordered its fleet of "42's," four Eastern and four forty-two-seater

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Western, there have been in the aeronautical community rumours about the machines, mostly adverse rumours. Imperial Airways were blamed for ordering eight of the largest passenger aircraft in the world straight off, and Handley-Page were blamed for the design, which was said to be too slow and too clumsy. But the proof of the aeroplane is in the flying, and when offered a seat in one of the "42's" on the London-Paris journey by Mr. Handover I thought it useful to accept and to try to find out if there was any truth in these rumours. As a result of the journey there and back and of information gathered about the machine from the pilots who have flown her most, I am of the opinion that Imperial Airways can claim the distinction of having discovered and placed at the disposal of the public a new and eminently pleasant form of travel. It is as far ahead of the air travel of yesterday as the air travel of yesterday was ahead of donkey-riding at Margate. The new aeroplanes are a triumphant success and they give in the highest degree yet attained the essentials — low ton/mile running cost, high speed, and safety and comfort. They give to the British company a lead over all its rivals which those rivals will have difficulty in reducing.

Let it be repeated that the proof of the aeroplane is in the flying. It is not a question of whether it looks pretty on the ground or conforms with some preconceived notions about lay-out; it is on its performance in the air, both from the

pilot's and the passengers' points of view, that it must be judged. And on that basis the "42" is the first passenger aircraft in the world. It projects into the present those pictures of air travel in the future which exuberant prophets are apt at times to give us. Let the relevant facts be briefly noted: the cost, the speed, the comfort and safety.

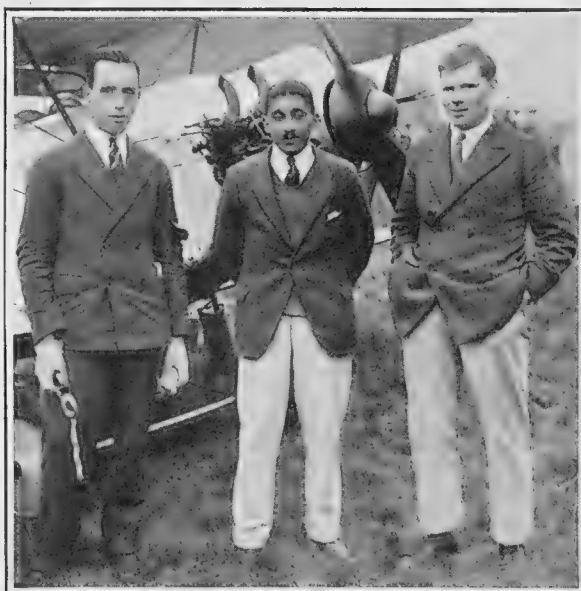
Cost and Speed Figures.

Five guineas is the price of a ticket in the Silver Wing mid-day London-Paris service. The comparable train fare is £4 15s. with a supplement of 7s. for reserving a seat, a total of £5 2s. Luncheon on the train costs 40 francs, and there are a large number of tips both at the termini and at the changes from train to boat and from boat to train. Probably one would be lucky if one did the journey under £6.

In the aeroplane, luncheon is not an essential accompaniment to the journey and tips are halved. The total cost should never exceed that for boat and train, and can be less. If, instead of comparing Silver Wing with Golden Arrow, ordinary first class is compared with ordinary air services, then the prices are £3 13s. 11d. for the train-boat ticket and £4 4s. for the air ticket. Again, tips and refreshments or meals come to more for ground transport than for air, and therefore in total cost there is probably no difference.

The prices of ground and air transport are about the same; the speeds are very different. The Silver Wing service, on which the "42's" are now running, takes about 3 hr. 45 min. from the London to the Paris office. The actual times of a specific trip in the Hannibal may be mentioned in confirmation of the schedule. Airways House was left by car at 8.20. The Hannibal, piloted by Captain Wilcockson — one of the most experienced commercial pilots in the world — took off from Croydon

(Continued on p. xvi)



AEROBATICS EXTRAORDINARY

C. A. Sims

Mr. H. H. Leech, Mr. Bellairs, and Mr. Miles with the "Martlet" in which Mr. Leech has been giving some of the most exciting displays of aerobatics ever seen. Mr. Leech was one of those originally selected for the British Schneider Trophy team. He is stationed at Farnborough

IN COUNTY FERMANAGH

Lord and Lady Loftus
at Home at Ely Lodge



ALL ABOARD: LORD AND LADY LOFTUS
IN THEIR SPEED BOAT ON LOUGH ERNE



A NEW USE FOR AN OLD BOAT

These photographs of the Marquess of Ely's son and daughter-in-law were taken at the family place near Enniskillen. Being on the banks of Lough Erne, Ely Lodge offers splendid facilities for water travel, and Lord Loftus' speed boat can frequently be seen living up to its name. Lady Loftus, who is the daughter of a very rich Norwegian, Mr. Lars Gronvold, has taken kindly to Ireland, and she and her husband spend a good deal of their time there. Lord Loftus will be twenty-eight in September. His father, this year's High Sheriff for County Fermanagh, is President of the Magician Club in London



BY THE SUNDIAL AT ELY LODGE

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Nina Rosa"
at the
Lyceum Theatre



A WAY THEY HAVE IN PERU

Pablo (Mr. Robert Chisholm), whipper-in, cave-man, and woman-tamer, is the pride of the guachos, the enemy of the English mining-engineer, and the unsuccessful lover of Nina Rosa (Miss Ethelind Terry)

IN another twenty years, with any luck, the Otto R. Gottenheims, the Gideon J. Spielmanhoffers, the Cæsar K. Hambergers, senior and junior, and the other kings of musical comedy may get together and proclaim a moratorium for the States of South America. When that dispensation occurs we shall switch over to some other *locale* equally overflowing with local colour—the South Sea Islands, perhaps, where the hero will defy the head-hunters in evening dress and the ladies go pearl-fishing in full Ascot regalia. For several years we shall be steadily familiarized with the hula-hula of the beach maidens and other inviting symptoms of Blue Lagunacy. Possibly Hollywood has already over-exploited the South Seas. The next move is immaterial, so long as we escape from stock-whips and castanets, from piquenos and gringos, from gauchos and guanós, from Rio Ritas and Nina Rosas, from swarthy villains whose names begin with Don, and from sunburnt Englishmen in riding breeches, whose adventures end about eleven o'clock in the arms of some Maid of the Mountains whose great-grandmother is none other than our old friend Rose Marie.



A PERUVIAN PUSS

Corinna (Miss Marie Minetti) settles the issue by marrying the villain under false pretences

Nina Rosa is the same as Rio Rita, only more so. It is *Silver Wings* without the aeroplane to crash through Don Peseta's hacienda or Señorita Mantilla's piqueno. A *piqueno*, as everybody knows by

now, is a trust-house for *guachos*. A *hacienda* is a loggia without the *stoep*. A *gringo* to a *guacho* is what a *dago* is to an Englishman. Now we can get on.

In the Peru of Messrs. Otho Harbach (book), Sigmund Romberg (music), and Irving Cæsar (lyrics), song, wine, and blood flow freely. The aloof European method of greeting a girl friend by removing what Mr. Billy Merson calls "the velour" is not done. Fixing the damsel with a passionate yet patronizing eye, one advances slowly towards her, lands a quick hook to the shoulder-blade, and grasps the left wrist in a grip of iron. Then, boxing the girl's right ear smartly, at the same time bending her yielding form to the shape of a pot-hook, one plants a kiss upon her lips calculated to loosen the teeth of a lama. Should she retaliate by biting the hand or flinging a stiletto, one can either maim her for life with a stock-whip or, treating the affair as a feminine caprice, toss her a handful of gold, raise the sombrero with a mocking laugh, and retire gracefully to the local night-club.

Here, pausing not to wonder what such a place is doing amid the mountains, one takes in one's stride such sights as never the Incas saw—a hero, English and



AS THE INCAS DID IT

A Spanish can-can, wild and stormy, by Miss Helba Huara and her eloquent castanets



A JOKER AMONG THE KNAVES

Mr. Freddie Forbes as some sort of an author, heavily involved in amatory and other explosions

an old custom. It was the Whipsnade or local beating-post. Perhaps, before wallowing in any gory details, it should be explained that Don Fernando (Mr. Cecil Humphreys) had a mine which the hero (Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther), prospecting for a syndicate, thought was dud. So did everybody else until a gringo, happening on an old Inca working, discovered gold and let Pablo (Mr. Robert Chisholm), Don Fernando's chief gaucho (what, by the way, *is* a gaucho?), into the secret. Pablo loved Rose Marie=Rio Rita=Nina Rosa (Miss Ethelind Terry). So did Jack, the mining-engineer; and Nina Rosa loved him. Jack strolled off to the mine to make his final report on the option and Nina Rosa overheard Pablo's plot to blow him sky-high. A girl has only one way of warning the man she loves in musical comedy, and that is by falling into his rival's arms and telling him she has changed her mind. When she writes him a letter begging him not to go down the mine, and explaining everything, the silly fool tears it up unread.

When Mr. Gwyther, brooding darkly over this sudden estrangement, walked like a defiant fly into Mr. Chisholm's parlour, half a dozen guachos seized him and bore him, struggling, to the whipping tree, tearing his tennis shirt into shreds as they did so. Whereupon Miss Terry, ever

undaunted, plunged suddenly into all the evening glories of Savile Row; a Spanish dancer (Miss Helba Huera) with a skirt which begins so late that a hiatus seems to hover on every movement; two dancers who defy the old tradition that no gentleman ever horse-whips a lady in public. In this matter of castigation the importance of being Cortez is everything. Not half-a-dozen padded waistcoats would persuade me to be Peggy. The more the lash of Cortez's whip coils round her bare middle the more she smiles. Someone told me she was not the original Peggy. Perhaps the other one preferred the stars without the stripes.

It might be thought that this tit-bit of corporal punishment would suffice for one evening. But no. Compared with the bastinado which followed, the by-play of Peggy and Cortez was a mere caress. On Don Fernando's hacienda flourished a tree. One of the gauchos, a hunchback whom the comedian appropriately consigned to Notre Dame, had decorated it with red paint—



MINE-OWNER AND CABARET PROPRIETOR

Don Fernando (Mr. Cecil Humphreys) makes life worth living in the wide open spaces

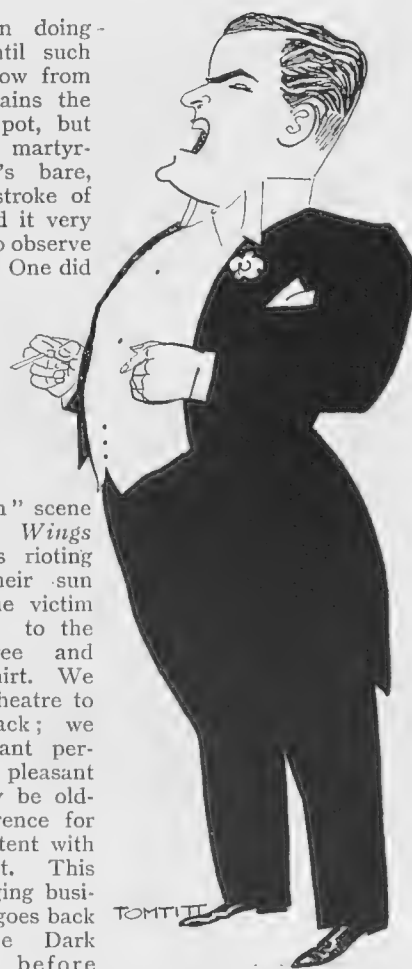
resourceful, insisted on doing the execution herself until such time as blood should flow from the gringo. That explains the business of the paint pot, but not the necessity for the martyrdom of Mr. Gwyther's bare, broad back. At every stroke of the lash (Miss Terry did it very skilfully) it was possible to observe the accuracy of her aim. One did not know whom to be sorry for most, the beater, the beaten, or the audience.

If it is considered that the second act would fall to pieces without this barbaric spectacle (why should it?—it has a "production" scene clipped from *Silver Wings* showing the aborigines rioting in the temple of their sun god), I suggest that the victim should be transferred to the far side of the tree and allowed to retain his shirt. We do not come to the theatre to see Mr. Gwyther's back; we come to hear a pleasant personality use an equally pleasant voice. *Nina Rosa* may be old-fashioned, but a reverence for tradition should be content with a decade of precedent. This scourging business goes back to the Dark Ages, before *Rose Marie*.

Amid the welter of plot and spectacle, song and dance, love and lashings, the actors must fend for themselves. Mr. Chisholm does the most fending and that with a gusto which finds a responsive target in those parts of the Lyceum vastness where vigorous singing and full-blooded swash-buckling cannot be accentuated too much. Mr. Gwyther, who has added a cubit or two to his stature, faces fearful odds and sings insinuating ditties with a manly modesty not always found in heroes with a voice. Mr. Freddie Forbes, at whom the provinces are always ready to roar their ribs out, is a "silly-ass" comedian who proves that, given the necessary situations, he can be a sillier ass than many of his stable companions in folly; and Miss Ethelind Terry has come all the way from America to suggest that an abundance

of restless, supple, youthful energy does not entirely compensate for that falling-off in voice power which afflicts leading ladies on both sides of the Atlantic. Miss Helba Huera brings to her Inca dance an unusual ferocity of mien and wildness of eye. One either likes Spanish dancing or one doesn't. I prefer more movement and less heel-taps, but perhaps the Inca ritual expanded under their Spanish conquerors. Mr. Stromberg's music is made to measure, but not without the usual infectious tit-bits. The chorus display unlimited abandon, and the scenery, dresses, and effects are all that can be desired.

"TRINCULO."



"ADORED ONE"

Ignoring the advice of his friends—"Don't go down the mine, Jack"—the jilted hero (Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther) breaks out into song and evening dress to relieve his wounded feelings

LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS.
HORLICK'S HOUSE PARTYMISS ROSE BINGHAM AND SIR BASIL BARTLETT
AT THE LITTLE PADDOCKS TENNIS COURTS

THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON AND THE EARL OF WARWICK

PRINCE PAUL AND PRINCESS IRENE
OF GREECEH.M. EX-QUEEN SOPHIA OF GREECE
AND MRS. JAMES HORLICKMR. SKEFFINGTON-SMYTHE AND PRINCESS
CATHARINE OF GREECE

Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick's house, Little Paddocks, Sunninghill, is one of the most attractive in the whole of the county of Berkshire. Colonel Horlick used to be in the Coldstream and is a brother of Sir Ernest Horlick, who is well known in the world that plays polo. Colonel and Mrs. Horlick had a party for Ascot, but these pictures are of a more recent one and include, as will be seen, ex-Queen Sophia of Greece, the widow of the late King Constantine. Prince Paul, Princess Irene and Princess Catharine are three of her children. Miss Rose Bingham is engaged to be married to the Earl of Warwick, who is sitting with Lady Abingdon, formerly Miss Elizabeth Stuart-Wortley. Her father is an uncle of Lord Wharnccliffe. Her sister is Lady Loraine, wife of the High Commissioner for Egypt, Sir Percy Loraine. Sir Basil Bartlett is the second baronet and succeeded his father in 1921

Photographs by Arthur Owen

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



AT THE MAY FAIR HOTEL GARDEN BALL: LT. MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C., THE HON. MRS. EVAN MORGAN, AND CAPT. POLLARD, V.C., M.C., D.C.M.

AT THE HOLYROOD GARDEN PARTY: BRIG.-GENERAL SIR DAVID AND LADY KINLOCH AND MR. AND MRS. KINLOCH



NEW ZEALAND G.C. (BYFLEET): MRS. ALEC GOLD AND MR. R. H. DE MONTMORENCY

MISS THORESEN AND LADY GLENTANAR

MORE "N.Z." GOLF: MRS. ALEC BELL AND MR. BERNARD DARWIN

A very widely-spread net collected the pictures on this page, and though the range is not exactly from Holyrood to New Zealand, it is from Their Majesties' recent Garden Party and Drawing Room in that ancient Royal Palace to the "New Zealand" Golf Club at Byfleet, where they recently brought off a contest, Ladies v. Men. The two famous V.C.s and the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan were snapped at the May Fair Hotel Garden Ball, which was organized in aid of the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes. What Private (as he then was) O'Leary did to a German machine-gun nest will never be forgotten. Captain Pollard, H.A.C., got his Cross at Gavrelle in 1917 for something equally fine. The Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan was formerly the Hon. Lois Sturt, and married Lord Tredegar's son. Miss Thoresen is Lady Glentanar's sister, and the picture was taken at a recent fancy ball. They are the beautiful daughters of Thor Thoresen, of Oslo



BEAUTY UNADORNED AND HER SMALL DOG!

Madame Bee Jackson is a beautiful American girl who has been playing a leading part in the production of "Wonder Bar" in Rome, and is one of those who first taught London what the Charleston ought to be

TRÈS CHER,—I wrote you last week about the amazing endurance of the six couples who, since June 20, have been dancing at the Cirque Médrano. They have, most astonishingly, kept-on-keeping-on, and at the time of writing they are still going strong. It seems incredible that the human frame can be so resistant. They have been dancing for over five hundred hours, and no hanky-panky about the business either, for spectators are allowed into the circus at any hour of the day or night, and it would soon come to public knowledge if any one of the competitors unduly absented himself or herself from the arena.

Day after day, night after night, these six enduring couples plod round with a break of only fifteen minutes every hour. Most of the time they move stiffly in a sort of grim torpor with swollen eyes, heavy, sunken cheeks, and rolling tread, hardly able to put one foot before the other, and yet when a bonus is offered by an enthusiastic Maecenas for the best tango or the liveliest fox-trot they somehow, with an incredible spurt of energy, manage to make a brave showing. Twice a day one of the Americans performs a step-dance, while his partner stumbles round alone, waiting for him, with a skipping rope. Another American lad sometimes finds the strength to walk round the arena on his hands. The wife of the Italian competitor occasionally "oblige" with a song, for she has a charming voice as well as, apparently, fatigue-proof legs. The young Swiss woman who partners one of the Americans frequently manages to perform a most extraordinary dot-and-carry-one reel. . . . She is a tall, reedy, thin-flanked creature with a narrow, white face and a lean jaw that eternally chews gum; her thin, flaxen hair is drawn into an unbecoming knot at the back of her head, in her rusty black frock she looks like an out-of-work hired help, but she is never without a coquettish little nosegay of flowers on her shoulder. . . . Indeed the competitors all seem able to take pride in their appearance. The men are freshly shaved, taking the time to do so during their precious, hourly, fifteen minutes "rest." The girls get themselves waved and manicured and change their frocks—or pyjamas—several times in the twenty-four hours.

Smart crowds still fill the circus every afternoon at the tea hour and from nine p.m. till dawn. At other times only the upper galleries are full. Jenny Dolly goes there almost every evening and distributes money, frocks (from her wonderful shop in the Champs Elysées), and cigarettes. Many well-known artistes come in after their evening's performance at the theatres; their presence is immediately noted and announced by the speaker, and the spectators clamour for a song . . . which is usually accorded. Since writing the above the six couples have been reduced to five. One of the dancers broke down—it seems to have been a brain storm—and made a blind dash for the street, which was rather nerve racking, for the traffic is both swift and dense outside Médrano. However, he was brought back safely and calmed down before he could do himself damage. . . . All this is a horrible business I think; I shall write no more about it.

Priscilla in Paris

This week I have enjoyed the Colonial Exhibition quite a lot having at last been given a clean bill of health, and the permission to walk my legs off, by my surgeon and vet. It is really a very pleasant spot on a weekday, at other times of course the crowd is perfectly awful. It is best to go there early, hire one of the baby Rosengarts that are allowed to circulate in the grounds, and drive to whichever section one proposes to explore.

It is rather difficult to know where to lunch, though all the big restaurants and caterers of Paris have a place there. One does not care for "the usual" Café de Paris or Félix Potin meal. The "Restaurant Indien," which should really be called the restaurant

Javanais, is excellent. One is served by the little dark-skinned Javanese waiters, fresh and clean in their white duck suits and natty, swathed bandana turbans. The food is exotic and on every table one finds printed notices advising one what to eat and how to eat it. Wonderfully cooked rice forms the basis of the repast. A dozen little dishes are served at the same time.

One fills a soup plate with rice which should then be "moistened" with "Sajor," a curry-like mixture only more liquid. Round this one should arrange samples from the various dishes known collectively as "samballans." Boiled chicken, boiled meats, pickled cucumber, etc.

I went to last Friday's gala dinner at Bagdad, the smart haunt on the Island of the *lac Daumesnil*. A terrible crush though very chic, despite the fact that most women in Paris are still wearing their winter evening frocks since "times is crool 'ard" and we are not quite sure which way *la Mode* is going to jump . . . will it really be so 1880-ish as They would have us believe? Personally I have no doots, and reserve judgment . . . also choice!—Love, PRISCILLA.



IN VENICE: THE COMTESSE DE SÉGUR
A snapshot on the Piazza San Marco, Venice, of a charming lady who is probably better known to her public as Madame Cécile Sorel of the Comédie Française. Madame Sorel has been on a most successful tour of the principal cities of Italy



Vandamm, New York

PER CAMERA AD ASTAIRE

Fred and Adèle Astaire in their latest American success, "The Band Wagon," now showing in New York. This inimitable brother and sister, as light-hearted as they are light-footed, always receive a huge welcome when they cross the Atlantic to decorate musical comedy in London. The last time they came over here was in 1928, when they were co-stars with Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard in "Funny Face," which ran for over seven months. Surely the time is ripe for another visit?

COUNTRY-HOUSE CRICKET



THE ROMANY C.C. AT HYDE HALL

The names in the picture, left to right, are: Back row—A. P. Powell, Captain R. Collins, Major the Hon. G. French, Major N. Moffat, B. Harding, and M. Raison; front—Major Henderson, Captain Hyndson, J. S. Williams, J. E. Tyler, E. W. Swanton, E. H. Tattersall, and Major L. Willoughby (Hon. Treasurer).



THE NEWBY HALL CRICKET WEEK

A group of Captain Compton's party. The names, left to right, are: Back row—P. Jefferys, Captain Walford, R. H. Thomas, Captain E. R. F. Compton, and Captain K. Shennan; in front—Robin Compton, Miss Dodsworth, Miss Mary Compton, Mrs. Edward Compton, and Captain Mark Sykes

Cox, Ripon



THE OLD PAULINES

The names, left to right, are: Back row—B. Berg, J. S. King, R. E. Wise, R. Jobson, Scott, McLeod, C. Luxemburg; sitting—J. Farrell, G. L. Olliff, C. H. Pearson (captain), C. H. Dixon, and P. G. Nash



THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

v.

The names, left to right, are: Back row—J. F. H. Tyler, A. E. Fellowes, P. Risely, G. S. Hodgkin, D. A. Michels, R. T. Talbot; sitting—C. F. Morice, S. Taylor, D. K. Rigby (captain), P. L. Frith and J. MacDermid

R. S. Crisp



THE ACROBATS C.C., 1931

The names in the group are: H. W. Bent, R. F. A. David, C. E. Dixon, G. L. Vivian, R. A. Byass, N. M. MacRobert, E. M. Grimsdale, H. W. Noble, R. J. Norbury, L. E. W. Williams, B. A. McShane, R. L. Bristowe, and Sir Geoffrey Byass

W. Dennis Moss

There are not many pleasanter forms of the bat-and-ball game than the Country House and other minor forms of enterprise kind, and all these groups are of people who have been having some lately. Sir Walter Lawrence, who was the host of the Romany C.C. at his country house, Hyde Hall, used not to show any signs of being a cricket addict when he was private secretary to the late Lord Curzon during the Indian Viceroyalty, but then he was terribly busy. Captain and Mrs. Compton's party at Newby Hall was for the host's XI match v. the Zetland Hunt. In the Old Paulines v. H.A.C. match on the former's ground, the Old Paulines got 206 to the H.A.C.'s 169—a first innings win. The Acrobats C.C. is a very flourishing organization, and have put in a very pleasant time playing all round the country in their recent fixtures. Mr. B. McShane is the honorary secretary, with G.H.Q. at the Bath Club



Lancashire Policeman : Where's tail-light ?

Lancashire Lorry Driver : Damn tail-light . . . where's trailer ?

By P. Bellew



WHAT THE ANGLER SAW WHO CAME TO

By A. K. M.



TO FISH THE SALMON POOL AT DAWN

Macdonald

Here are **Wolsey's** riotous bathing suits for 1931 for men, women and children. Mere brevities of brilliance. Knitted of close-ribbed elastic wool,



they are as soft as sentiment. And they fit like nicknames. Caressing colours for sun-burnt blondes. All dash and vigour for brunettes. Beach suits in light warm wool that won't crease or crumple are another thought of **Wolsey's**; so here's wishing you a happy summer and a bright new wear.



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WITNESSING THE WELSH DERBY AT CHEPSTOW



MR. AND MRS. W. R. LYSAGHT'S GUESTS
Truman Howell

A photograph taken at Castleford where there was a large party for the Chepstow first Summer Meeting, which includes the Welsh Derby. In front are Miss Blandy, Mrs. W. R. Lysaght, Mrs. Blandy and the Hon. Lorraine Berry. Behind—Mr. W. R. Lysaght, Lord Donegall, Mr. Desmond Lysaght and Lord Queenborough. Mr. Lysaght's Marten's Tower ran second in the Piercefield Plate



SIR ERNEST AND LADY WILLS

The second event on the card at Chepstow, the Ross Selling Plate, went to Aunt Adèle owned by Sir Ernest Wills, who takes the greatest personal interest in his horses. He has a place in Wiltshire as well as Meggernie Castle in Perthshire. Sir Berkeley Sheffield (see below) is also an owner of note. His bay filly A Lacquer Lass was beaten half a length in the Usk Plate



AFTER A GOOD WIN: MAJOR
AND MRS. HORACE COLMORE



SIR LAURENCE AND LADY PHILIPPS

Sir Laurence Philipps' St. George started favourite for the Welsh Derby, and after a great battle with Glenalmond and Convoy looked to have the race won, but Jones' super-human effort on Mr. A. R. Cox's horse snatched the verdict. Sir Laurence's elder son, Mr. Wogan Philipps, was married in 1928 to Miss Rosamond Lehmann, whose clever first novel, "Dusty Answer," had such a success. Major Colmore (see left) trains at Ogbourne, and is also an owner. His Semitone won the Piercefield Plate. Mrs. Horace Colmore paints horses quite brilliantly



MR. C. E. HOWARD AND SIR BERKELEY
SHEFFIELD VERY MUCH AMUSED

HARROW EATEN!



LORD AND LADY IRWIN

LADY BOYNE, THE HON. DESMOND AND THE
HON. ROSEMARY HAMILTON-RUSSELL

LADY JELlicoe AND LORD BROCAS

THE HON. MICHAEL CECIL AND
LADY CRANBORNELADY ZETLAND, LORD BRUCE DUNDAS, LADY
LAVINIA AND LADY JEAN DUNDASLADY LANDSDOWNE AND LORD
EDWARD FITZMAURICE

Harrow's collapse in this year's match v. Eton certainly was not expected by either friend or foe, for on their winding-up gallop v. The Harrow Wanderers they looked a good batting side whatever the quality of the bowling. At the end of the first day, with Eton declaring at 431 for five and Harrow 109 for two, even with their good first pair gone, the show could not be said to be all over bar the shouting. On the second day, however, they could not save the follow-on, in spite of a well-hit 56 by their captain, F. E. Covington. In the second innings, after Blackmore and Tindall were sent back, Baker and the other Eton bowlers proceeded to skittle them out. It was almost as disappointing as a quick knock-out in a big fight. The supporters of the two schools are not quite equally well distributed in these pictures. Lord Irwin is an Old Etonian and the Boyne family are all Eton, and Lord Jellicoe's son, with a name like that (Brocas), ought to go to Eton. Lord Cranborne, whose wife and second son are seen in the picture, is also Eton, but the Zetland family are Harrow, the present Marquess and his elder son both having been there. The late Lord Lansdowne was an Etonian, the present one was and so is his son, Lord Kerry

IN NORTHERN IRELAND



MISS CATHERINE STANLEY AND LADY MARY STEWART



LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY AT MOUNT STEWART



ON LOUGH STRANGFORD: LADY LONDONDERRY AT THE HELM OF "ULADH"

After being in London for part of the season Lord and Lady Londonderry are now in residence at their lovely home in County Down. Here they can lead the open-air life which appeals to them both, and sailing their cutter *Uladh* on Lough Strangford is a favourite occupation. Lady Mary Stewart, the youngest daughter, particularly enjoys this method of transport, for which she has a special sailor's suiting. She also thoroughly approves of having her niece, Miss Catherine Stanley, who is only two years her junior, to stay at Mount Stewart, where a Scottish piper plays at breakfast and dinner every day. When winter comes Lord and Lady Londonderry and their elder daughters, Lady Margaret and Lady Helen, migrate to Leicestershire to hunt with the Cottismore

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



THE LIFE GUARDS WIN THE TYRO CUP

W. A. Roush

The team which beat the Bluejackets (rec. 1½) 7 to 6½ in the final of the Tyro Cup at Hurlingham. The names, left to right, are: Mr. T. A. Fairhurst, Mr. T. A. Watt, Captain A. H. Ferguson, and Mr. F. E. B. Wignall. Mr. Fairhurst did most of the damage, as he hit six of the winner's goals. The pace was a bit too slow to suit the sailors

AFTER the form we have seen in the Inter-Regimental and Subalterns' tournaments this year it seems a thousand pities that the hardness of the times forbids our challenging the American Army to take on that return match for the International Army Cup, for although, probably, the American Army form is pretty hot, I contend that at this present moment we have amongst serving soldiers a very good lot indeed. Picking them at random, how does this little list appeal: Captain R. B. B. Cooke, Mr. D. C. J. Miller, Mr. H. C. Walford (17th/21st Lancers), Mr. H. P. Guinness (Scots Greys), Captain J. F. Sanderson (4th/7th Dragoon Guards), Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Boles, and Lord Erne (the Blues), Captain G. H. Fanshawe and Captain E. D. Fanshawe (the Bays), Captain B. J. Fowler and Captain J. C. Campbell (Royal Artillery), Mr. Robinson and Mr. Dollar (4th Hussars), Captain R. George and Mr. Dalrymple-Hay (Central India Horse)? I have merely collected these few names in a quite incomplete list, and not casting any aspersions on anyone who may be missed out. It is only with a view of indicating that we have the stuff if only we had the money. To sort things out a bit further this classification may be of some aid:

No. 1 and No. 2 positions—Captain J. F. Sanderson, Mr. R. B. B. Cooke, Mr. D. C. J. Miller, Captain R. George, Mr. Dalrymple-Hay, Lord Erne, Captain B. J. Fowler.

No. 3 and back positions—Mr. H. P. Guinness, Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Boles, Mr. H. C. Walford, Captain G. H. Fanshawe, Captain E. D. Fanshawe, Captain J. C. Campbell, Mr. P. W. Dollar, and Mr. J. F. Robinson.

Surely there is some really good material here? Captain George and Mr. H. P. Guinness are Internationals, Captain J. F. Sanderson a near International and I think a coming one, and I suggest that amongst the rest we have some excellent ammunition. Mr. Guinness, who is playing in marvellous form, is the automatic back, but I should hate to see Captain E. D. Fanshawe not in the team, for he also can hit like the kick of a mule, and up in front I do not see how we could be very far wrong with Captain Richard George and Captain J. F. Sanderson, and besides these names which are put forward tentatively we have so much more good stuff with which to juggle. There are at least three pretty hot teams in this lot, and if and when the time arrives when we can start to organize for war, I believe we could have no better O.C. operations than Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Boles. He has done such good work with the Blues' team, and is someone whom everyone likes, that I am certain he would be the right man in the right spot. His 17th Lancer record of course speaks for itself.

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

It seems a pity that something cannot be done when we have all these good men, and I would like to see mobilization for war in 1932 start at once. Furthermore, it would be such a good gallop for our 1933 adventure. The Americans are all out for the good of the game even though it is sometimes alleged quite unjustly to the contrary, and after the last International the following statement appeared in the Press: "An agitation is growing in polo circles for a departure from the practice of making the challenger cross the ocean and for replacing it by a system of alternating meetings with the next match in England instead of in the United States." Where International Army Polo is concerned this arrangement already obtains, and though it would be fairer if we sent an Army team to America for that Cup, actually it is the American Army's turn to come over here. One match has been played in each country so far and we have lost them both, but next year we might win.

The final of the Subalterns' Cup at Ranelagh resulted not quite unexpectedly in a win for the Greys, who beat the 4th Hussars 9 to 4. In each case the teams were virtually the same as the regimental ones, and on the book it was a good bet The Greys, because in their Inter-Regimental tie with the Bays at Tidworth they ran the eventual winners of that tournament to 5-3 after hanging on to them like grim death for four chukkers. It is good work the 4th Hussars having done as well as they have this season, considering that they only got back from The Shiny last October, for they got into the semi-final of the Inter-Regimental, bumping into the most formidable team in that shooting match, the Bays, 7 to 3. This was a good performance, as at the end of the 5th chukker it was 3-3. That 4th Hussar team (v. Bays), Mr. H. G. Cowdell, Mr. R. Knight, Mr. P. W. Dollar, and Mr. J. P. Robinson, was practically the same team that won the Subalterns' Tournament in India in 1929 and 1930, Mr. Armstrong then being the No. 1. In the Subalterns' final at Ranelagh they had Mr. Armstrong back again, and Mr. Knight was put up in front, the order of battle being: Mr. R. Knight (1), Mr. J. E. Armstrong (2), Mr. P. W. Dollar (3), and Mr. J. P. Robinson (back), the same team slightly differently arranged as they had in India. They have had next to no time to collect ponies, and it is surprising therefore that they have gone as well as they have. I hope we shall find them knocking at the door even harder next season.



SOMERIES HOUSE WIN THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

W. A. Roush

The names in Sir Harold Wernher's team, seen in this picture, left to right, are: Captain R. B. B. Cooke, Sir Harold Wernher, Mr. H. C. Walford, and Mr. F. G. B. Arkwright. It was a brisk fight with Major Harrison's Knaves all the way, and the final result was 8 to 7



By
NATHANIEL
DANCE, R.A.
1760

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Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By

THE expression, "Oh, go to Putney!" is no doubt a very familiar one to a large number of my fellow human beings, and usually is flung off in a light-hearted devil-may-care sort of way as if it were the easiest thing on the earth. It isn't. It may be for those who are clever at

done on him he got out, tried to find a man with a whistle and failed, and before he had time to turn round the train was off like a scalded cat. Two trains later he got one and eventually arrived at Putney. The lady was not at all pleased, but she was still waiting. It was then about time for the Bays and Gunners

to begin knocking the ball about and quite too late to think of barging in on the lunch party, so he said, "There are plenty of places where we can get a bite of something!" She said, "Are there?" Then lead me there, I'm half dead!" At the only one they struck the choice lay between some fly-blown sardines on toast and shepherds' pie, so they compromised on Banbury cakes and biscuits and a couple of whiskies and sodas. Just as they were coming out of the pub or inn, wiping their mouths and trying to look as if they hadn't, they bumped straight into a torrent of the last word in Smart London—nine out of every ten of whom they knew by their Christian names. I do not think I need say any more. She is now fiancée to his most hated rival, and you have only to mention the word "Putney" to him to make him go all wobbly inside.

The following letter has been sent me by Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, the wife of Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, 16th/5th Lancers, who is commanding the cavalry brigade in Cairo, and who in other places is known as a first-class man on a horse at Olympia, and across the obstacles both hunting and chasing, and the author of many excellent works dealing with the subject which he knows backwards. Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke is doing a very noble work in Egypt in collecting funds to buy back all the poor old horses, and mules too, which were left behind when our army evacuated Egypt on the armistice in 1918 and afterwards. The condition of these unlucky animals is really dreadful. They were sold for whatever they would fetch as casters when our troops left, and since then have existed under conditions which hardly bear description. I am

(Continued on p viii)



MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER'S TEAM AT EASTBOURNE

R. S. Crisp

This team was one of the last trial horses for the Cambridge University side before it went into action v. Oxford at Lord's. The names in the group are: Back row—Bullock (umpire), H. L. Carr, H. J. Palmer, T. C. Longfield, W. G. Lowndes, D. P. Morkel, and Watts (umpire); seated—E. W. Dawson, J. L. Bryan, Alderman Keay, J.P., H. D. G. Leveson-Gower (captain), M. Howell, the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, and G. E. V. Crutchley

underground travelling and can tell an Inner Circle train from any other kind by the mere sound of its wheels or the excruciating noises made by the vacuum-brakes. These knowledgeable people, however, are the exception rather than the rule. The other day, for instance, a chap I know had guaranteed to be at Putney Bridge to meet someone of the opposite sex who was, so he said, the most beautiful production he had ever seen, in time to lunch with some people at Hurlingham before the Inter-Regimental. Both of them were strangers to their hosts, and she was to wait for him on Putney Bridge platform so that they could advance on the lunch holding hands, so to speak. This chap, who is a devil for running things close, rushed down at St. James's Park Station and took a header into the first train he saw, yelling as he did so at a man with a large whistle in his mouth, "Putney?" The man yelled back, "Woier, whangho-wow-wow!" which my friend took to mean "You've said it, Buddy!" As they approached Parsons Green the train was going a real good gallop; it went through Putney Bridge like a comet and never stopped till, so my friend said, somewhere like Land's End. He hopped out quickly and again shouted to a gentleman in a near-naval uniform, "Putney?" The man pointed to a train just moving off in the contrary direction and yelled, "Ooerwahwahimiaoow," which meant, "Mind the gates and pass right along down the car, please!" They went off at Hunt Cup speed, and my friend said to himself, "Well I shan't be so darned late after all." Then he thought he'd ask a lady with a straw basket with some (obviously too dead) fish in it, who was sitting opposite, if it was all right for Putney. She said, blowing a smoke screen of peppermint drops in his face: "PUTNEY! PUTNEY? Ye're barmy! First stop Barking, and none of yer Sheek stuff on me!"

So he managed to get out at Charing Cross and catch another train. It stopped at Parsons Green, and remembering what the other one had



A PARTY AT THE LEVESON-GOWER XI v. CAMBRIDGE MATCH

R. S. Crisp

Mrs. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower and some of her guests invited for the match at Eastbourne the other day. The names are: Back row—Mrs. G. E. V. Crutchley, Mr. Ernest Smith, Mrs. Jack Bryan, and Miss Judy Dawson; seated—the Hon. Mrs. F. S. G. Calthorpe, Mrs. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, and Mrs. W. G. Lowndes



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE following story concerning Mr. Norman Birkett, the eminent King's Counsel, may or may not be new. Mr. Birkett had successfully defended a man charged with picking pockets, and after the accused had been acquitted he expressed his gratitude to the barrister and offered to take him to London in his car, an offer which Mr. Birkett was not anxious to accept.

"No, thank you," he said, politely. "I am afraid I haven't the time."

"But," persisted the man, "if we start now it won't take very long. What time is it?"

"I don't know," Mr. Birkett said, evading his persistence, "I haven't a watch."

"Haven't a watch?" repeated the man eagerly. "You wait there a minute and I'll slip out and get you one!"

He was a beginner at the royal and ancient game, and like most beginners had managed one magnificent drive during the round. He then proceeded to bore the whole of the occupants of the club lounge with it.

"Wasn't that drive a marvel, George?" he asked a friend for the umpteenth time.

"Yes," replied George, bitterly, "it's a great pity you can't take it home and have it stuffed!"

There had been a fire in a Jewish merchant's shop, and the assessor came along to have a look at the damage.

"How do you suppose the fire originated?" he asked the proprietor.

"Vell," replied the Jew, "it might have been the incandescent light, or it might have been the electric light."

"Yes," said the insurance official, thoughtfully, "or the Israelite, eh?"



THE MAHARAJ KUMARI LALITARNI DEVI OF BURDWAN

The attractive daughter of the Maharajah of Burdwan, who was presented at Court this season by Mrs. Wedgwood Benn, wife of the Secretary of State for India. The Maharajah is one of the most able and enlightened of Indian rulers, and his State, which is in Bengal, is a model of good administration.



LADY MARY PAKENHAM

Eva Barrett, Rome

A posed picture designed to reproduce Botticelli's "Virgin and Child," which is in the museum at Milan. Lady Mary Pakenham, who is an artist of considerable promise, is held to be very much of the Botticelli type. She is a sister of Lord Longford and, through her mother, a niece of Lord Dunsany, as he and the late Lord Longford married sisters, daughters of the 7th Earl of Jersey.

Two women met one day, and their conversation went thus:

"I hear ye're Jeannie's married?"

"Aye, she is that."

"An' how's she gettin' on?"

"She's no sae bad at all. There's only one thing the matter—she canna bide her man. But, then, there's always somethin'."

It was a long play, and was being shown at the village hall. The curtain was rung up on the fourth act, disclosing an actor sitting wearily at a table. All was stillness; he had not spoken. At last a member of the audience ventured to express the sentiments of the house.

"I hope we are not keeping you up, sir," he suggested kindly.

The charge that was being heard in court was one of dangerous driving.

"So you were speeding, which means you were driving to the common danger," said the magistrate to the man in the dock. "How many times have you been before me?"

The man in the dock shrugged his shoulders.

"Never, your worship," he replied. "I've often tried to pass you on the road, but my car will only do about sixty miles an hour."

A certain young man who kept himself fit by donning running shorts in the evening and going for an hour's trot round several quiet streets, was one night hailed by a woman. On slowing down he discovered it was his laundress, who gasped out:

"Oh, I'm sorry I'm late with the washing this week, sir, but if you'll go back home at once I'll promise you your washing to-morrow morning first thing."



Clasp these lovely pearls around your own throat

You never knew you had such creamy skin? You'd never noticed so much radiance shone in your eyes?

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IN LEICESTERSHIRE: MRS. H. E. NOEL, LADY PHILLIDA SHIRLEY, AND MRS. RICHARDSON

At the recent fête and rally at Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Noel's house which was opened by Lady Phillida Shirley, who is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ferrers. Mrs. Richardson is the County Girl Guide Commissioner

The Unconventional.

IT is excellent news that the Prince has gone in for a Burney car with the engine at the back. At all events I think so, for I have long been an advocate of that unconventional mode of motor-car construction. When you come to think about it you are bound to come to the conclusion that the only reason why an engine is put under a long bonnet in front of the car is because, at one time, engines were so infernally unreliable that they had to be shoved where they could be got at. Our old pioneer designers started with the conception of the "horseless carriage," and very modestly put their fearsome motors where they would be out of the way—usually under the seat. Said fearsome motors were constantly going wrong, and every adjustment meant that the entire personnel had to be decanted. Yet I am certain that these old chaps were perfectly right in principle. If they had had modern technique to back them up, I am sure that the conventional type of motor-car "with its engine under a small cottage" would never have been known. A rather singular thing is that the Mercédès people who made the long bonnet fashionable had very little need to do so, for their power plant struck a new note in reliability. Thenceforward, however, everyone had to go in for the bonnet principle or die the death. And thus we have the utterly absurd conditions that exist to-day. Practically no one has the hardihood to break away from traditional methods, not because they do not believe in the new idea themselves, but because they think it will take so many years to acclimatize the good old British public to them. At this very minute I could name (if I chose to break confidences) a round half-dozen of well-acknowledged designers who are agreed that the

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

engine-at-the-back is the right idea. They would build cars on those lines to-morrow—if they dared. Unhappily for them they have to face managing-directors who, in these difficult times, are none too ready to launch out in new directions. In spite of that fact (which, when you look at it carefully, must be regarded as a distinctly big obstruction), I have more than a sneaking fancy that some day, quite soon, we shall see a *volte face* physically as well as psychologically. The standard form of motor-car in its quite low-priced editions has been brought measurably near to its ultimate price-don't-matter-a-bit form. But no one, I hope, is going to pretend that the standard form of motor-car is anywhere near a perfect motor-car. Therefore, obviously, someone has got to hop out and do something about it. I, myself, admit that I am utterly nonplussed by the lack of initiation that has been discovered. Everybody trying to progress by detail improvement, when the basic construction of a motor-car is manifestly yawning and gaping and yelling for radical alteration. If it had not been for motor-cars there would have been no aeroplanes—yet, although they were entitled to some benefit in return, how many automobile engineers have learnt anything whatsoever from aircraft specialists? The reduction of weight—which is a primary consideration—is almost the last thing they worry about. In the matter of suspension they prefer the principles of the seventeenth century coster's barrow to that which the aeroplane has shown to be much more efficient. But that is not really the point that I was after, which was to mention that, from an engineering point of view, you can never have your power too close to your work. Therefore you should have either an engine in front with a front-wheel drive, or an engine behind with a rear-wheel drive. Both are, technically, preferable to an engine in front with a back-wheel drive. I myself favour the rear engine position which, having been tentatively exploited by many makers about the year 1899, was given its logical development by Rumpler in 1922. The Burney car carries this latter scheme a step farther by putting

the motor behind the back axle. The advantage of this arrangement is that you get all your power and transmission units in one mass and that you sit in front of all the noise and the heat and the fuss and the smell. Also you can save lots of weight; you can have a perfect view; you can get all your passengers (to the number of about seven) well within a quite moderate wheelbase; and you can make a genuinely stream-lined affair of the job. As to this last my frank opinion is that it doesn't matter two hoots, though it might matter just a fraction over one hoot. Stream-lining saves no power to speak of below about sixty miles an hour (I wouldn't dream of boring you with the actual figures), and therefore as a means of economy, or as an aid to touring speed, it has scarce half a leg to stand on. But it makes (or at least the time will perhaps soon come when it will make) an enormous difference in the matter of appearance. The eye, like the air, has an objection to following blunt and jagged surfaces, and I dare say that, even to-day, the eye plays a commanding part in the selection of a car. Taking a covert glance at what the ladies are doing in the matter of dress, I would say that, just at the moment, there was a very good chance for the fashion in motor-car lines to change, too. The Burney car I have not had the pleasure of yet trying, though at Sunningdale and other places I have examined it externally. To my taste it has far too many louveres and air-catching gadgets about it, but these may be eliminated.



AT A JACOBITE STRONGHOLD—BALNAMOON

Mrs. Carnegie Arbuthnott, who opened a fête held recently at Balnamoon, Mr. William Shaw-Adams of Careston Castle, and Miss Keith of Careston. Balnamoon, which is on Mr. W. B. Carnegie Arbuthnott's estate, dates back to 1632 and is an old Jacobite stronghold

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

Decisive Braking

Danger . . . hair's breadth between safety and disaster; it's then that Firestone Heavy Duties make certain. As the brake grips home, that many-angled tread, deep cut into massive rubber, grips too—and holds on to the road. Time and again these good tyres—with the gold medallion and the gold stripe—will save the situation. Fit them now for "most miles per shilling"—for safe miles.



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THE LESSON

By HOLLOWAY HORN

FEW will contest the statement that Sir John Gaddesden, K.C., M.P., was a brilliant lawyer, but there are those who assert that he was unnecessarily brutal, and that once he had a man or woman in the witness-box he knew no mercy. He had an unpleasant habit of setting traps for people which, although often clever, were not always fair. Still, there was no question of his professional success, and that was all that mattered—to him.

His hobby, curiously enough, was fishing, and many of his week-ends were spent in Castle Bramley, where he rented the coarse fishing on a stretch of the Ouse. They knew him well at the Blue Bell Hotel and were accustomed to his little eccentricities. Frequently he had the hotel to himself, for guests, other than casual motorists, were rare.

Sir John liked the loneliness. In any case, he was a man who appreciated his own company and, further, there was a certain truth in the rumours which were circulating in clubs and places where gossip abounds concerning his relations with Lady Gaddesden. The rumours were, perhaps, malicious, but the suggestion that the greatest divorce lawyer of his generation might appear in the age-old drama in an entirely new rôle was not without its ironical side.

It was Sir John's custom, after a week-end at Castle Bramley, to return to town on Sunday evening, but on this occasion he had stayed until the Monday. His table in the coffee-room window overlooked pleasant fields that sloped gently down to the river. Cows were feeding in the lush water-meadows. A peaceful scene, without one jarring note. Sir John could think uninterruptedly. The waiter was self-effacing. He knew exactly what Sir John would have for breakfast—the meal never varied—and the dishes were placed and removed in silence.

His train of thought, however, was broken into by a soft, Irish voice, lovely and feminine. He would have known it anywhere. He looked up with a start as the voice said: "Good morning, Sir John!"

Mrs. Clissold had come up behind him and was standing looking down with a smile. She was sufficiently beautiful, even in the witness-box, to have made famous the divorce case in which they had both taken part a few months before. She was far more beautiful that morning, with her smiling, deep-violet eyes.

"Er . . . good morning," he said.

"Do you mind if I share your table, Sir John?" she said, and without waiting for his permission sat down. "It's the only one in the room in the sunlight, and I so love the sun! Isn't it a heavenly morning? Aren't those cows out there just *right*?"

"Of course . . ." he said, and then as an after-thought added: "I'm glad you don't bear me any ill-will, Mrs. Clissold. I was rather afraid that you might."

"Why should I?" she asked with a disarming smile.

"People do, you know," he said.

"I think I understand. You were appearing for my husband—my ill-used husband! You would not have done your duty if you had allowed the fact that we had been . . . friends to interfere with your method."

"I'm glad you see it like that. Now that it is all over, I don't mind admitting that I had very grave doubts."

"Tea and toast," Mrs. Clissold said to the waiter, and turned again to Sir John.

"You were speaking of doubts, Sir John. Surely you don't mean that you thought I might have been . . . innocent? Doesn't it sound old-fashioned . . . put like that?"

"That was what I did mean, Mrs. Clissold," he replied in a slightly pompous tone.

"I don't think that anyone who listened to your cross-examination would have thought so. By the way," she went on in a different tone, "I've always wanted to apologize to you, Sir John."

"To me?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes. For breaking down in that stupid way and making a scene."

"That's of frequent occurrence," he said, loftily. "All in the day's work, Mrs. Clissold."

"Do people often collapse when you have them in the witness box?"

"I'm there to get at the truth," he temporized.

"Quite," she agreed. "And truth is frequently so illusive, isn't it? Ah! here's my tea."

He watched her pour it out.

"I'm afraid I shall have to be going," he said, as if some sudden idea had occurred to him.

"I rather want to talk to you, Sir John," she said, in a tone that had suddenly lost its pleasant softness. "If I were you, I shouldn't go for a few minutes."

"What d'you mean?" he demanded.

"You came down on Friday evening, I think?"

"I did."

"So did I."

"You've been here all the week-end?" he asked suspiciously.

"Funny that I didn't see you."

"I didn't want you to. I never came down to breakfast until you had gone out."

"Um . . . so that business does still rankle?"

"Not now," she replied, in her normal, pleasant voice.

"Your room is No. 2?"

"Yes."

"Mine is No. 3. Did you notice that funny old door between them? So quaint, I thought."

He looked at her in silence for a moment: "What are you hinting at?" he demanded, in the tone she had last heard him use in the Law Courts.

Mrs. Clissold smiled: "You mustn't get restive under my questions," she said. "I was speaking of that door. It is locked, of course."

"Of course," he snapped.

"But the key is in it, on my side."

"Look here . . ." he began.

"You will be well advised not to get excited, Sir John. I understand that Lady Gaddesden has been a little—intolerant, shall we say?—recently."

"I prefer not to discuss my wife."

"Quite. You know whether it is so or not, but I can't imagine anyone else sufficiently interested in your movements to have this place watched. For one thing I understand it is an expensive proceeding."

She glanced out of the window as she was speaking. His eyes followed hers. A man was strolling by in an elaborately casual way and glancing into their window as he passed.

"He's been hanging about all the week-end," Mrs. Clissold said. "And now I'm afraid he's seen us having breakfast together. Isn't it awkward?"

"What's the game? Blackmail? I'm not standing for that, my lady. That will land you in prison."

"Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that financially I am exceedingly fortunate. You also know, apart from that, that it is not blackmail. You're a bully, Sir John, but you're not a fool. You know what the game is—I use your own phrase—as well as I do."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"I'm getting my own back," she smiled. "You don't fully realize the completeness of the trap I've set for you. At night, when the chamber-maid left my room, the key was in the door. In the morning it had been taken out. I left it on the dressing-table, so that she couldn't possibly overlook it. I'm afraid it isn't only pike you've caught this week-end, Sir John."

"It's all very cunning and clever, but it won't hold water."

"No? But imagine what a clever lawyer could do with it. The thing that amused me was that it is so absurdly like my own case. Was it a coincidence that we stayed at this dull little place? You remember the questions you put in my case? And then the bed-rooms—just opposite one another! Why, even now I can remember your questions about the nearness of the bed-rooms. In this case there is the key, and the door *between* our rooms. Already, I'm afraid, that fellow who has been watching us has ferreted out things from the chamber-maid."

"It's a pretty plot," he sneered.

(Continued on p. iv)



The day in retrospect . . . alone, yet not alone, with Johnnie Walker.



The Champion County: The Middlesex team, minus Miss D. Chambers, who was still playing when this picture was taken. In front—Mrs. Walter Payne, Miss Rhona Rabbidge, Mrs. McNair (captain), and Miss D. Pim. Behind—Miss M. White, Miss D. Stanhope, Mrs. Mellor, and Miss Dix Perkin (reserve), Mrs. McNair's Scottie is called Peter

DULL, unutterably. May I be forgiven for ever admitting that any golf played for a side, under scratch conditions, can be dull, particularly when the venue is one of the best courses in England and is in the pink of condition as well.

But there it was. Middlesex, Yorkshire, Glamorgan, and Norfolk have good players. County finals is a major event; Burnham is a first-class course, and yet the fact remains that only a few spectators could get up any real enthusiasm, and the players themselves, though they strove most nobly to concentrate and play their best, were simply too dead stale to go on any longer finding the middle of the club or the middle of the course—except by means of a good hearty top now and again.

Is it to be wondered at? Players exalted enough to be in those four teams started their 1931 season at the beginning of March and have not had so much as a week off ever since, so that if any soft-hearted statesman should be looking for a substitute for the conventional hard labour for criminals, it might be as well to commend to him a trial of the life of the highest class of lady golfer.



Miss M. D. Bell and Miss N. Younger, members of Langholm, receiving from Major Bell, prizes given by "Britannia and Eve," in connection with its Annual Club Competition for the best average of cards (in relation to membership) in the Monthly Medal Competitions. Langholm were the winners, Thonock being second

At least let it be said that they were supremely cheerful about it, and the county finals gained in that respect from taking place in so entirely unsuitable a month as July. Cheshire had seriously meant to scratch if they had qualified for the finals, just as a protest at playing in July; Yorkshire would have liked to, but a sporting

Eve at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

president, jealous of county honour, kept them up to their bit; what Glamorgan and Norfolk wished as counties to do nobody seems to have heard, but it is quite certain that there were some remarkably stale players in those teams too, to whom the swinging of a club was an intolerable effort. The season has grown and grown at each end until soon the ends will meet in the middle, unless somebody has the courage to get up and protest. County finals as a prelude to the English close championship have been an unqualified success for the last ten years; may Heaven preserve us from them in July for the next ten.

The one argument which can carry any weight is that the club visited for the English dislikes giving up its course for so long beforehand as the Thursday



At Burnham: Mrs. O. Jones, Miss Mabel Wragg, Mrs. John Duncan and Miss Huleatt take it easy; Miss Wragg led the Yorkshire team beaten by Middlesex and Mrs. John Duncan plays for Glamorgan

and Friday. Have they ever considered that those twenty-eight players would be practising as individuals if they were not playing county finals, and take up no more room the one way than the other.

However, away with politics, even if describing the play itself at Burnham would be to describe a series of tops, duffs, and three putts such as have never before disfigured a blameless note-book. At least it has not often had to record a more cheerful gathering than dinner at the Manor Hotel on the last evening when Middlesex and Yorkshire, still vowing vengeance on each other, sat down to tables decorated with their respective colours—blue and purple delphiniums for Middlesex and white roses for Yorkshire—and partook of West Riding Savoury or Middlesex Surprise.

All that was excellent fun; it simply was that nobody could whip themselves into a gallop over the golf itself, although in results there was much that was exciting. The pity was that Yorkshire and Middlesex met on the first day, because Middlesex having beaten Yorkshire and Norfolk, were quite safe to be winners unless the entirely unexpected could happen and they go down to Glamorgan, in which case Yorkshire had only to scramble home by any sort of a margin from Norfolk to win.

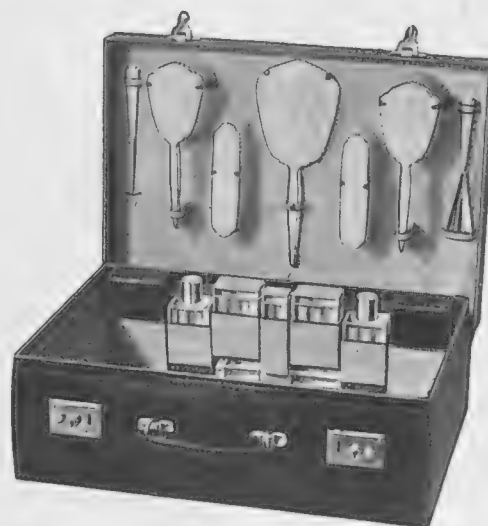
Yorkshire not merely scrambled, they romped home by the whole seven matches, but Middlesex did likewise at the expense of Glamorgan, and so Yorkshire's sprint had come too late, and Middlesex's young team—the youngest they have had for many a year—have inscribed their name on the shield. Good names they are, too, and the three matches of the finals only brought them six individual defeats all told. But it is ungracious to name losers rather than winners; losers can be inferred by deduction. Miss Rabbidge, at the top of the team did really excellently; she beat Miss Mabel Wragg 7 and 6, an audacity which will make her name for ever feared in Yorkshire; she only lost on the last green to Miss Violet Kerr; she beat Miss Jestyn Jeffreys, the Welsh Champion, by 5 and 4. Perhaps

(Continued on p. 14)



A DRESSING CASE the ever-welcome gift

Dressing Cases for both men and women . . . in hide and all kinds of choice leathers—exquisitely fitted out in gold, silver, enamel, tortoiseshell, ivory, and every manner of material that an artist craftsman can work upon. If desired, customers may select toilet requisites from the Company's stock or have their own fittings introduced. Illustrated Catalogues of fitted cases for both ladies and gentlemen will be gladly sent on request.



Lady's Dressing Case in polished morocco lined moiré antique with Sterling Silver gilt and enamel fittings. Size $20 \times 13\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ complete with mailcloth cover. £42.0.0

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

A Lesson in Casting for Salmon and Trout

These pictures were taken in Captain Cornwall's old-world garden, 5, Marlborough Road, N.W., where he gives lessons in casting to men and women



CASTING A TROUT FLY



BAIT CASTING

STALKING A FISH

The greatest success in fishing will attend the woman who, in favourable and unfavourable circumstances, can with certainty cast the lightest and most accurate fly. To learn this will take but a short time if she be properly coached, but without such assistance many, if not all, the years of the average woman's fishing life may be stultified by faulty efforts to acquire an art which would otherwise have taken her but a few hours to perfect. This is the opinion of a well-known author and instructor in salmon- and trout-fly casting. Burberrys, in the Haymarket, are responsible for the perfectly practical fishing outfits pictured. The figure on the right is wearing skirt, breeches, and coat carried out in proofed gabardine. Two views are given of the other outfit, which is reinforced with waders. The hat has a double brim, between which the flies and cast may be carried. These outfits are correct in every detail

Models, Burberry

Pictures by Blake

"THERE'S YOUR SUMMER
COCKTAIL, MADAM."



"Well bless me, no madam, I'm not one that goes on against alcohol. I won't say that there wasn't a time once, when I was a young man mind, when I tried a glass of beer myself . . .

"But this hot weather, when you're drinking something all the time, why, if it was alcohol it would play cockadoodle-doo with your pretty looks. And those fizzies and stickies are just as bad . . .

"Yes madam, if you want to keep cool and keep looking your best, there's only one thing, that's my Barley Water. Keeps the blood so fresh, if you'll pardon me mentioning . . .

"Yes, Robinson's, that's what I always use. Pearl? Why, I'd be stewing and straining all day long if I used that stuff."

Old Hethers' recipe is on the inner lid of every tin of

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., LTD., CARROW WORKS, NORWICH

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Fashion's Gifts.

The general exodus from the great cities is in full swing, the season of sales is drawing to a close, and women in general are contemplating the gifts fashion has bestowed on them during the past months, and the best means of utilizing the gilt-edge investments they have acquired during their recent shopping expeditions. Fashion has been kind in declaring that lace shall be more modish than ever; it is good news, as it is a fabric that packs well and atmospheric conditions have no deleterious effect on it. In black it is extremely slimming. Furthermore, the little coatees that accompany these dresses appear to form integral parts of the ensembles and do not suggest that they have been added as an afterthought. By the way, when flowers are worn on the coats the aid of a small black safety-pin should be sought, otherwise the side is inclined to drag.

Fought for Recognition.

There is no doubt about it that femininity as well as formality have fought for recognition and have achieved a success that was totally unexpected. Another thing that has been accomplished is the alliance of youthful and dignified notes which may be adapted to the proportions of individual figures. Dresses for formal day functions have decided to remain ankle length, and so have those for dancing and dinner wear. Skirts for sports and general wear are conveniently abbreviated, nevertheless knees have gone into retirement. Paris has again voted in favour of black, declaring that it represents the acme of smartness, but the accessories must be subtle and the fabrics carefully chosen; it also demands the complement of a harmonious complexion.

With and Without a Coat.

There are many interpretations of the frock that may be worn with or without a coat. There are those of dark wool materials; some show a neat check, others are *bouclés*, and others are plain; sometimes these affairs are styled coat-frocks so well do they stand on their own. They look very distinctive with lingerie touches of white piqué or georgette. It may be that a small yoke is introduced in front; it is slit down the centre and caught with a cravat bow from which is suspended a jabot, the cuffs being of the gauntlet genre. Another lingerie set consists of a vest and turn-over collar; at the base of the former appears a black artist's bow. An attempt is being made to revive the stock

collar and tie; it is not likely to become well represented until September as it is not an accessory that is looked on with favour during the warm weather. Generally speaking, except where washing frocks are concerned, sleeves extend to the wrists and are finished with a neat edging.

High Collars.

Printed chiffon frocks have by no means passed into oblivion; neither is their knell sounding, as they are becoming and decorative both with dark and light grounds. Even on chilly days they may appropriately be donned with dark coats of a non-committal character. As there are many who like high fur collars no matter the reading of the thermometer, it must be mentioned that Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W., are making a feature of the same; they range in price from 7s. 6d. to a pound. They are quite easy to adjust without the intervention of a needle and thread; indeed, they can be held in position with two large safety-pins.

Slimming Coats.

And now about the non-committal coats that may be worn with a variety of different frocks; they give to the figure a wonderful slimness. They are reinforced with yokes as well as clever empiecements, and in some instances the arm-holes are wide and loose; the sleeves being trimmed from the elbows to the wrists. The collars are more often than not adjustable and, in some of the extreme models, extend to the tip of the nose; naturally they are of fur. Another type of collar is the Medici, finished with soft revers of the same material as the coat outlined with fur. Then a double sleeve has arrived; there is nothing much to say about the under one except that it is tight fitting; the outer follows the line of the arm to the elbow, where it leaves it and becomes a flounce. Sometimes sleeves "balloon" over the elbow and are drawn in at the wrist with a tucked band some 4 in. wide.

Regarding Gloves.

Gloves are of paramount importance; women are having them fitted and are most particular that the fingers

are the correct length. As a matter of fact they go as far as discussing whether in the near future it will not be necessary to have them specially made; this was done in the days of Queen Victoria. A decided novelty is the half-sleeve glove; it is not a gauntlet, but takes the form of a sleeve to the elbow, the inner seam being gathered. It is a decorative affair when it is expressed in one of the "off white" or pastel shades.

Footwear for All Occasions.

The art of creating footwear for the warm weather is well understood by the Saxone Shoe Company, 229, Regent Street, W. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they have shops in practically all important centres. The shoes illustrated on the left of this page are carried out in a new linen fabric which has the appearance of a silk poplin; they are available in fashionable pastel shades to harmonize with summer frocks, and although they are trimmed with kid and laced with ribbon they are only 12s. 9d. per pair. There are court shoes made of this fabric for the same price; they are finished with a neat kid bow. In the centre of the group are some summer sandals made of calf; they are 19s. 9d. per pair. The golf shoes on the right are of black calf and white elk with half-weight soles, which are noteworthy on account of their flexibility; the insertions are perforated, so the feet remain cool even on the hottest day. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that court and bar satin shoes are from 14s. 9d., and should it be desired, those of white satin can be dyed in a few hours.



Black calf and white elk make these Saxone summer golf shoes, the soles are half-weight and the insertions are perforated



Models, Saxone



Pictures by Blake

These extremely smart and becoming shoes bear the name of Saxone. Those on the left are made of a new linen fabric which has the appearance of silk poplin, they are trimmed with kid and laced with ribbon. The sandals are made of calf in all the fashionable shades, they are light and cool



Beauty From Fruit Juices

Fresh lemons and strawberries make these wonderful preparations that tone and whiten.

Everyone knows the splendid cleansing, whitening and astringent properties of lemon juice and strawberry juice. In HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S Lemon and Strawberry preparations you have the real juice of fresh lemons, and of ripe strawberries plucked in the height of June. These creams and lotions remove sunburn, whiten your skin, and tone it up by tightening the pores.

LOTION DE FRAISES (Strawberry Lotion)—Each year at strawberry-time this lotion is brewed with the juice of fresh, ripe berries. Very valuable for whitening the skin. It also braces it gently and acts as a tonic. 4/-, 8/-.

LEMON LOTION—Real lemon juice is used in the making of this lotion. Not only does it clean and soften your skin, but it will bleach and remove discolourations as well. 4/-, 8/-.

CREME DE FRAISES—Ripe red berries are crushed into this delicious cream. It will brighten a dull, cloudy skin and refine the texture. 4/-, 7/6.

LEMON CREAM—This velvety cleansing cream has the refreshing tang of lemons, and bleaches your skin gently and naturally. You will find it wonderfully softening after open-air exposure. 2/9, 6/-.

Obtainable from all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our attractive free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

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The Lesson—continued from p. 164

"I'm so glad you see it like that. I did so want to do it well. Later on, when it's all over, I shall tell Lady Gaddesden the truth. She will be most frightfully amused."

Sir John bit his lip.

"Say what you like," she laughed. "I don't mind a bit if we quarrel. It would be lending a touch of realism to the scene that would be simply perfect."

"My God, you must hate me to go to all this trouble," he said after a momentary silence.

"You showed me how to set traps," she pointed out. "You did it again and again in that foul court. And yet, now that it doesn't matter, I can tell you that I was no more guilty of what you said than you are now. It was a coincidence that Rivers and I were staying at that hotel at the same time. He was not my lover. The poor fellow asked me to marry him after the affair was all over, but I refused. So you see, Sir John, it is simply a case of tit-for-tat. And I'm going to be as merciless as you were. If your lawyer puts me in the box he will get far less of the truth out of me than you did. I'm a more experienced witness now, of course. I may even break down again. I'm certain I could do it now far more effectively than I did when I couldn't help myself. And when it's finished you'll have to ask me to marry you, I'm afraid. That's the cream of the joke."

Sir John snorted.

"You will," she insisted. "Otherwise, you might just as well retire from Parliament. The women voters actually outnumber the men in your constituency. The electorate is always so sentimental. But I shall have to refuse you and that will be worse. So whatever happens, as far as politics are concerned, you're almost finished, I'm afraid."

"It's an ingenious plot," he admitted thoughtfully. "But the people here know me. You have my permission to do your worst. And if I may say so to a lady, to go to the devil."

"The people here? My dear Sir John, they never saw you after ten o'clock. And the essential witness will be the chambermaid—a very nice, understanding girl! She is leaving here in a day or so, anyway. She quite understands."

"I'll face it! And I'll break you."

She smiled and shook her head: "Bullying isn't going to do any good this time, Sir John. You see, I've nothing to lose. As a matter of fact, you will be ill-advised if you contest the matter at all. It will simply make you look like a cad. Think it out. Think of the attitude I can adopt in the witness-box . . . remembering that I don't care a damn—now—what people think of me. No. The little plot is perfect. And I'm getting my own back. Why, the head-lines themselves will be worth all the bother. Fancy going down to your constituency and talking about the Fiscal Question after a few really interesting head-lines! There's that fellow again! Isn't he thorough?"

Sir John glanced at the man outside, who immediately looked away.

"And it will be so difficult, in the future, for you to put those unpleasant questions to people, won't it? Some of them might even smile, which would make the jury smile as well—and that would never do, would it?"

"Madam, I bid you good morning," said Sir John, rising. "I think you'll find you've bitten off more than you can chew."

"But I've bitten off nothing," she protested. "I don't mind how you spend your week-ends."

"I didn't know that you knew my wife," he said thoughtfully.

"Did I say that I did?"

"No. But I imagine that you have concocted this plot with her."

"Do you think you could persuade a British jury to believe that? Why, it isn't even plausible! You know, people will be most frightfully amused! Indeed, the more I think of it the funnier it becomes. You couldn't even conduct your own case.

Just fancy your cross-examining me about this meal! I should say! 'Oh! Sir John!' and blush."

Sir John was still standing at the table. On mature consideration he sat down again.

"Look here," he began, in a reasonable tone. "What do you hope to gain from this business?"

"I've explained it to you. I'm getting my own back. Surely you must see the curious parallel between this case and . . . that other one? And what could be more understandable than the strong, silent lawyer falling in love with the pretty little woman who had faced him for three hours in the witness-box? It's positively romantic! Why, it's almost like an American film!"

"All I did was my duty," he insisted. "As it was you very nearly got away with it. The jury was obviously on your side in the early part of the case."

"If you hadn't been so overpowering, so much like an Army tank, I should have got away with it. Right was on my side. Now that it doesn't matter I can assure you of that. But I'm afraid you want to go, and I'm detaining you."

"I see your point of view," he said reluctantly. "I . . . I'm sorry."

She looked at him in frank surprise.

"I am," he insisted. "And not merely because I made you my enemy."

"Then I'm glad. I feel my efforts have not been wasted. When next you have an unhappy woman in the witness box, Sir John, think of me. Remember that there was a moment in your life when I could very nearly have broken you, when you might easily have been in the witness box yourself. I've enjoyed this breakfast more than any I remember. There isn't a word of truth in what I've been saying. I only reached here last night—I saw in the papers you were here. That man outside is my chauffeur. I told him to walk up and down, and look in at this window each time he passed. The poor fellow probably thinks I'm crazy. Good-bye, Sir John."

She had risen. "I don't promise that I won't tell this story to our friends," she warned him.

He met her eyes. "I am sorry, Mrs. Clissold, over that cross-examination. I really am. As a matter of fact, I never liked your husband."

"Nor do I, now, so it doesn't really matter," she smiled. "Good morning, Sir John."



MISS LILLIAN GISH AT
BAD NAUHEIM

A charming picture of one of the most fascinating actresses on the American film stage, taken recently at the famous German Spa. Lillian Gish and her younger sister Dorothy rose to success after a very hard struggle in their earlier days, and Lillian will be remembered for her performance in "Intolerance," "Way Down East," etc.

Eve at Golf (continued from p. 166)

Miss Rabbidge was not quite so stale as some people, a merciful attack of tonsillitis had kept her away from golf for a fortnight, just before she went to Burnham, and she at least played the short game against Miss Wragg most perfectly.

Miss Pim, complete with Mickey (not the mouse but the whippet), who had watched her beat Miss Fishwick at Portmarnock, did very stout work in beating Miss Rudgard at the 19th. Then she lost to Mrs. Ricardo at the 19th—Mrs. Ricardo had a great day of it, for she had beaten Miss Watts at the 19th in the morning—and beat Miss Watts. Miss Chambers found

Miss Platts off her game and beat her, went to the 22nd before losing to Miss M. Kerr, beat Mr. John Duncan 2 and 1. Mrs. Mellor lost to Miss Worsley—after all one has to mention these things if all the Middlesex doings are to be enumerated—at the last hole, beat Miss Heather Palmes 2 and 1, beat Miss Gethin Griffiths 2 and 1. Mrs. Walter Payne lost to Miss Leetham 6 and 5, beat Mrs. Cross 2 and 1, beat Mrs. Barton 3 and 2. Miss White must have more than a mere catalogue, for she has not lost a single county match this season, and managed to come triumphantly through Burnham, beating Mrs. Bradshaw 2 up, Mrs. Floyd 3 and 2, and Mrs. Rupert Phillips 6 and 4. Miss Stanhope, after losing to Miss Judith Fowler and Miss Forsyth, finished up well by beating Miss Richards 3 and 2. A good team undoubtedly, and, as aforesaid, young. Which is a supreme virtue these days.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

The Lovable Fragrance

For Sports Meetings—

The fresh clean fragrance of Lavender is charming.

It is the perfect perfume for the informal occasion, when heavy, exotic perfumes are discordant.

Gay youth and her mother, and her mother too, cherish the exquisite Yardley Lavender — so winsome, so refreshing — so inimitably the Lovable Fragrance.

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| Sprinkler Bottles | “ “ “ “ | 2/6 to 16/6 |
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ALSO

Lavender Soap—'The Luxury Soap of the World'—2/6 a box of three tablets, Face Powder 1/9, Compact Face Powder 2/4, Face Cream 1/6, English Complexion Cream 3/4, Bath Salts 2/6, etc.

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OF ALL
CHEMISTS,
COIFFEURS
& STORES

THE BROCKENHURST TENNIS WEEK



MISS KEMP-WELCH, LADY KATHARINE MANLEY, AND
MR. JOHN MORANT



MRS. J. B. PITMAN (MISS ELSIE GOLDSACK) IN THE
WOMEN'S SINGLES

The unmannerly weather interfered with part of this cheery tennis week at Brockenhurst, New Forest, in the same way as it did with the Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's and various other things happening about the same time. Lady Katharine Manley is Lord Northesk's sister, and Mr. John Morant is Lady Kathleen Hare's son by her first marriage. Mrs. J. B. Pitman, as Miss Elsie Goldsack, was the pioneer of the no-stocking movement for tennis players

*The New Vogue
in Hats*



V.715.—Charming Hat in soft velour, lined felt, trimmed with quill mount, in self or contrasting colourings. In several fittings.

Price $2\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.



E.718.—The new three-cornered Hat of Suzanne Talbot, trimmed with feathers at side. In lovely colours.

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in Exclusive Hats*



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KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1

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Knightsbridge, S.W. 1



Is unsuspected constipation robbing you of youth?

If women only realised what damage constipation can do to their looks, they would dread it more than time itself. For constipation – by setting up a state of self-poisoning – starves tissues and muscles of pure blood, without which they cannot retain their firmness and youth. The purpose of Eno's "Fruit Salt" is to guard you against the slightest approach of this menace. Working by osmosis – Nature's own method – Eno makes sure that the foodways are punctually cleared before waste matter has time to become poisonous and infect the system. Eno is safe, sure and sufficient. Take it every morning. Inner cleanliness will do far more to preserve your looks than cosmetics.

ENO'S 'Fruit Salt'

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 158

not writing about that which I do not know because I have seen the photographs of what has happened, inevitably, and the one on these notes is one of the least distressing. The others are really too terrible, and if anyone is interested I shall be only too pleased to show them if they will let me know when they are coming so that I may be in. This is a good cause and one which ought not to depend upon private effort. The R.S.P.C.A. have given Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke £500, so she tells me. It is about a tenth of what is needed to save these poor old soldiers from something far worse than death in action. Will anyone and everyone who can help do it, even if it is only half a crown? I have no compunction at all in begging, because I know what is happening. All that is asked is to give Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's fund enough money to procure the friendly bullet as a passport to that Nirvana which all who have done their bit for their country have a right to demand. Here is Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's letter, and the address is Lloyd's Bank, Fleet, Hants, or me, c/o this paper:

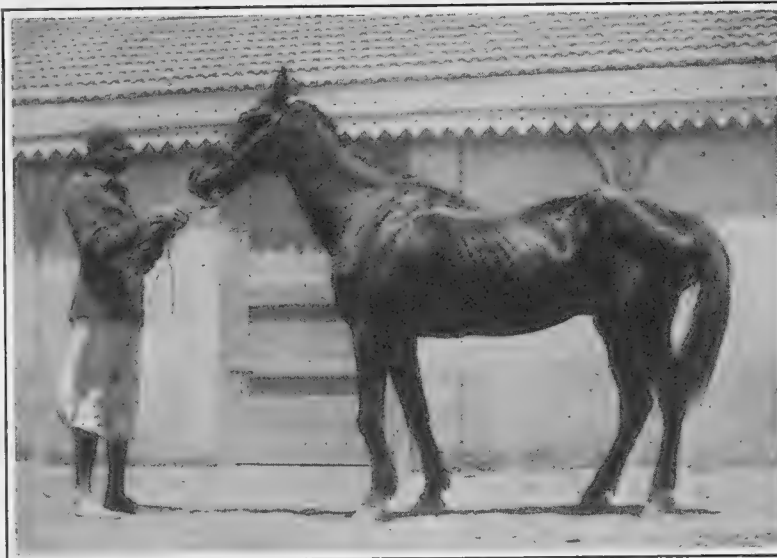
I read with great gratitude your very kind allusion to the work of buying up our old War horses in Egypt in THE TATLER of June 24. Every one who loves a horse will realize what life in that climate means to an aged animal whose best days are far behind him and whose sufferings from age and unsoundness increase as each year passes. These old horses of ours, all over twenty-five years of age, have passed by degrees into the ownership of the very poorest class in Egypt—men who treat a horse for what he is, a beast of burden, and who are too poor to feed him properly, too used to hardship themselves to appreciate his sufferings—and his sufferings are beyond all description. These old hunters

and chargers have fallen to lower depths than can be imagined in England. They beg for rest, the only rest that we can give them. The average price we pay is from £6 to £12 an animal according to his condition. The R.S.P.C.A. have given us £500, but further help is badly needed. Our original estimate of £3,000 was far too optimistic. Already we have purchased over 200 and our funds are growing low. We may easily require double the original amount. The news has spread in the under-world that we are buying, and our old horses are being produced in far larger numbers than was expected. They come so wearily and hopelessly to our yard. We pray that we shall never have to turn them away when peace at last awaits them. Will any reader who ever loved or who loves a horse help us to help them?

The pamphlet you referred to, *Green Pastures*, was written before my return to England by a Mrs. E. F. Hall, who has distributed a great number. It has touched many hearts and been of much help to our cause, but grateful though I am indeed to her, I did not write it or ever see it until she kindly sent me a copy. I hope that it will continue its good work.

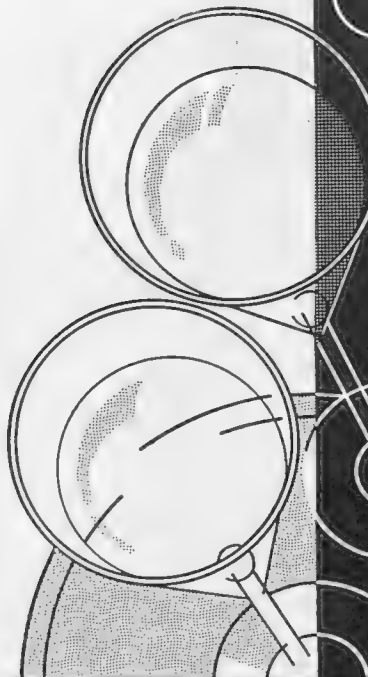
My committee have authorized me to open a branch of the fund at Lloyd's Bank, Fleet, Hants, "Old War Horse Fund," at which we shall most thankfully receive subscriptions, and any correspondence concerning the work addressed to me there will be immediately attended to.—Yours, etc., DOROTHY G. BROOKE, honorary secretary and treasurer, Old War-horse Fund.

It ought not to be difficult to raise the other £3,000 to £4,000 or whatever it is that may be needed, even in these hard times, and I suggest that here is an outlet for any money which any societies devoted to the relief of animal suffering may be able to spare. The R.S.P.C.A. for instance, being the wealthiest of them all, might increase its grant by at least another £1,000, even if it does not feel disposed to produce the whole of the balance needed.



THE OLD WAR-HORSE RESCUE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT

One of hundreds of unfortunate animals which are at present in Egypt, and which were sold when our troops evacuated on the conclusion of the War. Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, wife of Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, 16/5 Lancers, is the honorary secretary and treasurer of the fund which buys these luckless horses and mules and puts them out of their sufferings. The matter is dealt with in these notes. More funds are badly needed



GOOD GIN

...Aperitifs
FOR SUMMER SKIES

Nice blue skies. Nice green fields. Nice everything for that matter, now that one can loll and lounge about. Just before lunch a Gin and "It" or a Gin and Bitters. Maybe even a soul-quenching "Gimlet." Fun's fun and it's good to be alive with a good gin always near at hand to help one smile. Holloway's Dry London (double distilled and crystal clear) for gloom-raising... always.

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GIN always

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POURS FREELY
TO THE
LAST GRAIN

Cerebos
SALT



ON WITH THE DANCE

The round of gaiety has its high notes and its low notes, its discords and harmonies but —

*Player's
always please*

IT'S THE TOBACCO

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY



THAT COUNTS

(OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for an old lady, aged eighty, who has seen much better days; she has now exhausted all her savings and is struggling to exist on her old-age pension of 10s. a week. Her health and nerves have been much impaired, for her late husband suddenly went out of his mind, made murderous attacks on her, and then committed suicide. She has never really recovered from this terrible shock. Her husband had been a civil servant, but the tragedy occurred before he was eligible for a pension, so that his widow got nothing at all at his death. A small weekly allowance of 5s. would be a god-send to this case. Thirteen pounds is urgently needed to last for one year.

Central heating in the winter—central cooling in the summer. This ideal will be realized in England for the first time when the Monseigneur Restaurant in Piccadilly Circus completes the installation of its new refrigerating cooling system whereby iced air will be supplied to the restaurant during the summer months. There have been persistent rumours in the West End that the Monseigneur is closing down to enable this installation to be made, but this rumour is entirely without foundation. The existing ozone air apparatus is now operating to keep the atmosphere clear and cool and the iced air system will be installed without inconvenience to the restaurant's patrons.

Enghien, which is within fifteen minutes' drive from Paris is becoming the vogue again. The newly decorated casino with its pergola restaurant overlooking the historical lake of Enghien and its celebrated woodlands is the meeting place *par excellence* during these warm summer nights. Amongst recent visitors are the Comtesse de Noailles, the Maharaja of Napurthala, Marquis de Cadovale, Comtesse Pierre de Bearn, Baroness Winckler, Colonel and Mrs. James Bell, etc.

There will be great times in the Highlands this Scottish season, to judge from an attractively printed folder which has just reached us from the Atholl

Palace Hotel, Pitlochry. The Highland nights will be repeated during September, and there will be a Tattoo and Grouse Ball in August. We counsel our readers to mark well the dates: August 7 and September 25 and time their Highland holiday accordingly.

On October 2 the Canadian Pacific liner, *Empress of Australia*, a magnificent oil-burning vessel of 22,000 tons, will leave Southampton on a delightful three-weeks' cruise to the Mediterranean. An interesting itinerary has been arranged, visits will be made to Ceuta, Palma, Ajaccio, Susa, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Algiers, Casablanca, etc. The *Empress of Australia* popularly known as the "Dreamship of Cruises," is famous the world over for her steadiness and comfort. She has a Pompeian swimming pool, ballroom, sports deck, gymnasium, etc. Full particulars may be obtained from the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62-65 Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

The Orient Line are meeting the needs of the public for comfortable travel at a lower cost than the luxuries of first class entail by the conversion of two of their well-known and popular steamers, *Ormonde* and *Orsova* into one-class tourist ships. Passengers will have free use of the spacious decks and public rooms, and will find in the catering and service as well as in the accommodation, all that the reasonable man or woman requires to ensure a comfortable and happy voyage. There will be a long range of fares to suit all tastes and purses, from £39, London to Sydney, for the cheapest berth, to £100 for a special stateroom with private bath-room. There are a large number of single and two-berth cabins. The first sailing will be the *Orsova* from London on August 15, and the conversion of the *Ormonde* will be completed in time for her to sail on September 7. These Orient tourist one class ships will follow the usual Orient line mail route via Suez Canal and passengers will enjoy the opportunities of seeing Gibraltar, Toulon, Naples, Port Said, and Colombo on the way. Interesting excursions can be made at all these ports. An illustrated descriptive folder can be obtained on application to the offices and agents of the Orient company.



MADEIRA—PEACEFUL ONCE MORE

This gem of a place on the Atlantic might never have had its serenity ruffled by the recent little "war," and is now as peaceful and pleasant as of yore. Funchal, its capital, is as charming a spot as could be found on the surface of the earth, and as excellent in its climate as in its other amenities.

Olympia—1932 Models

Front of cushion

Valves for inflating the two main tubes, one for each seat

Valve for inflating the outer tube for stiffening sides and front

see **MOSELEY**

"FLOAT - ON - AIR"

pneumatic upholstery with the new dual pressure system as fitted to Austin Saloon and others.

**—Definitely does not roll—
—cannot fail—**

Insist on having Float-on-Air on your new car. Existing seats can be converted. Your Garage can undertake the work or send direct to the sole Makers:—

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DAY AND NIGHT ROUTES

HOLLAND **GERMANY**

Cross in
Comfort to the
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via
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| | |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|
| Flushing | Daily |
| Hook of Holland | Nightly |
| Antwerp | Nightly |
| Zeebrugge | (Sundays excepted) Nightly |

(12th June—14th Sept.)

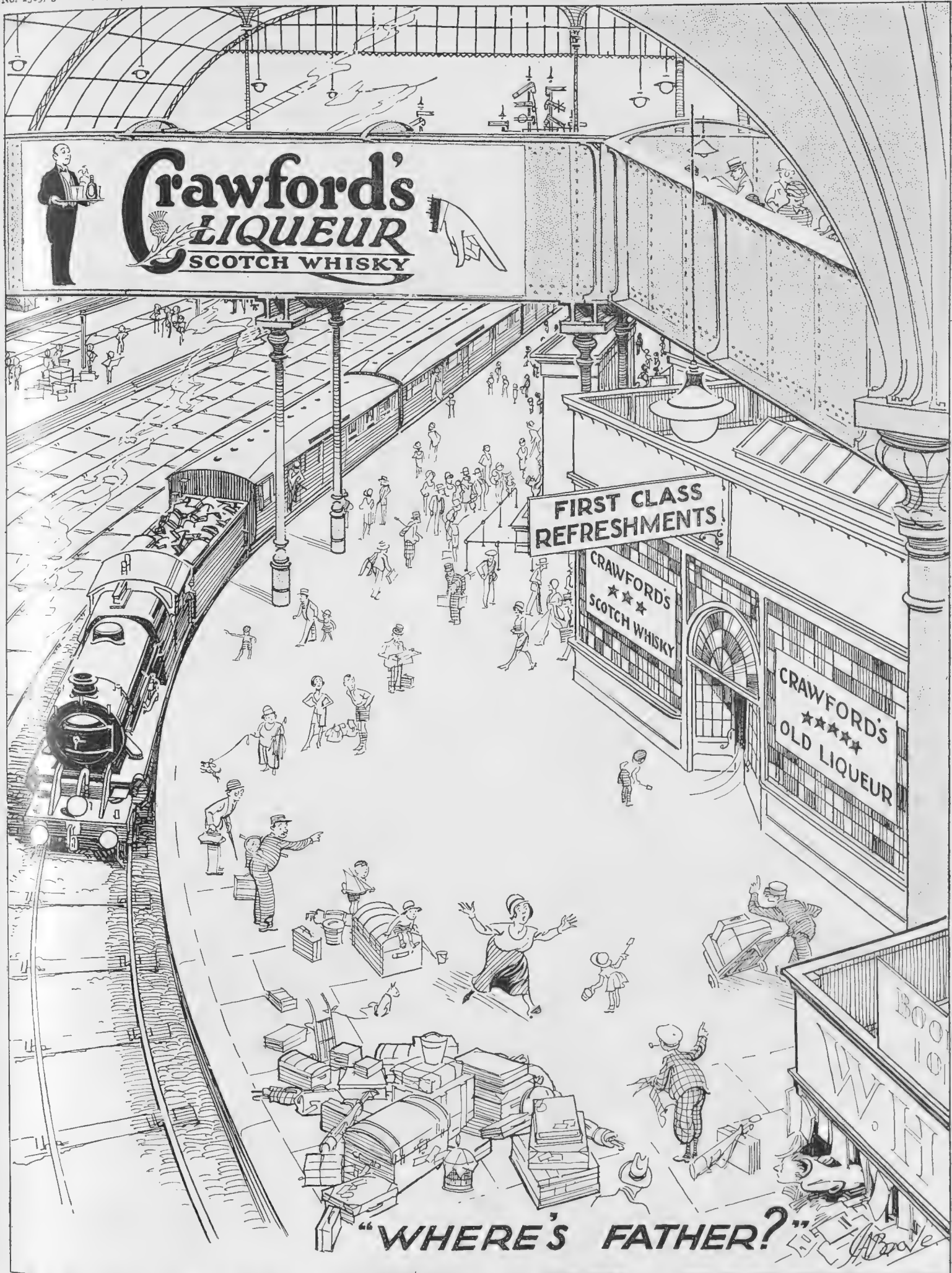
RESTAURANT AND PULLMAN CAR EXPRESSES
London (Liverpool Street) — Harwich (Parkeston Quay)

Through services from Scotland, North-East of England, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham to Harwich (Parkeston Quay) each week-day in connection with Night Sailings.

Fares and further information from Continental Traffic Manager, L.N.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or Hull; 71 Regent Street or 59 Piccadilly, London, W.1; Wm. H. Muller & Co. (London) Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1, or 78 Moorgate, E.C.2; principal L.N.E.R. Stations, Offices or Tourist Agencies

BELGIUM **SWITZERLAND**

ZEELAND LINE AND L.N.E.R.



"WHERE'S FATHER?"

A. & A. CRAWFORD • LEITH • SCOTLAND

MOTOR AND AIR NOTES

Pessimists to-day are apt to say that foreign countries and our Dominions are so badly hit by the general trade depression that it is no use doing anything about over-seas trade. An example has



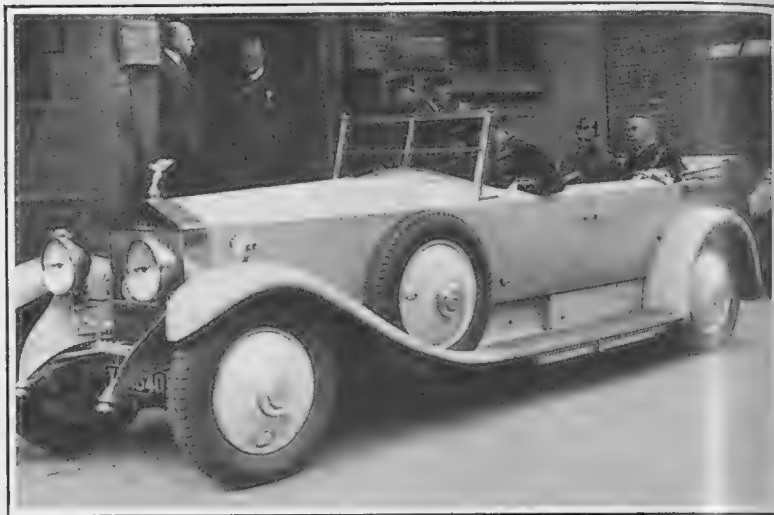
MR. NOEL GAY

The well-known song writer, with his Talbot "75" Saloon supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., of New Bond Street

been set to them by Mr. S. Bettmann, founder and managing-director of the Triumph Company, who has just returned from a business trip to South Africa. Mr. Bettmann did not go there to appoint new agents, for so energetic has been his company's policy that they are fully represented in South Africa and, indeed, almost all over the world. He merely went to cement the close business relationships which exist between him and his customers in distant lands and to renew the numerous friendships formed during his previous visit to South Africa some years ago. If the managing-director of a concern which has business relationships already established overseas finds such trips necessary, how much more are they necessary when new ground is being broken!

One of the facts revealed by the Ministry of Transport's figures of new car registrations for the six months ending April 30 is the increasing popularity of the "full-sized" small car. This type is represented by the Singer Junior, of which deliveries in the period formed as much as 23.9 per cent. of the registration in the 8-h.p. class. This means that practically one out of every four 8-h.p. cars was a Junior, despite the fact that six different makes are included in the class.

The 1,300 kilometres air race round Sweden, organized in connection with the Aero Show at Stockholm, attracted forty entries. It was flown in two days, and included separate classes for land and sea aircraft. Both events were won by pilots using British Aero engines, the land plane class by Lieutenant Erik Rasmussen of the Royal Danish Navy, who flew a Dankok machine fitted with a 385-h.p. Siddeley Jaguar engine, and the seaplane class by Captain Bremer on a Junkers Junior fitted with an 80-h.p. Siddeley Genet engine.



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE

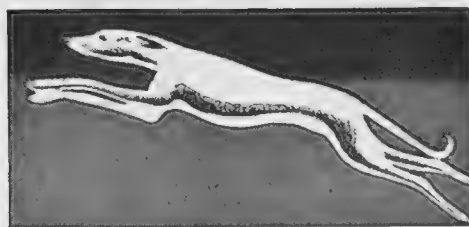
Leaving the Rolls-Royce works at Derby after a tour of inspection. Sitting beside H.R.H. is the Mayor of Derby, and on the left in the doorway is Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, the Managing Director of the Rolls-Royce Company

Every car
manufactured by
Vauxhall Motors Ltd.
is filled and tested
with **CASTROL**
and you are
recommended to
continue its use.

CASTROL AA IN SUMMER • CASTROL CW IN WINTER

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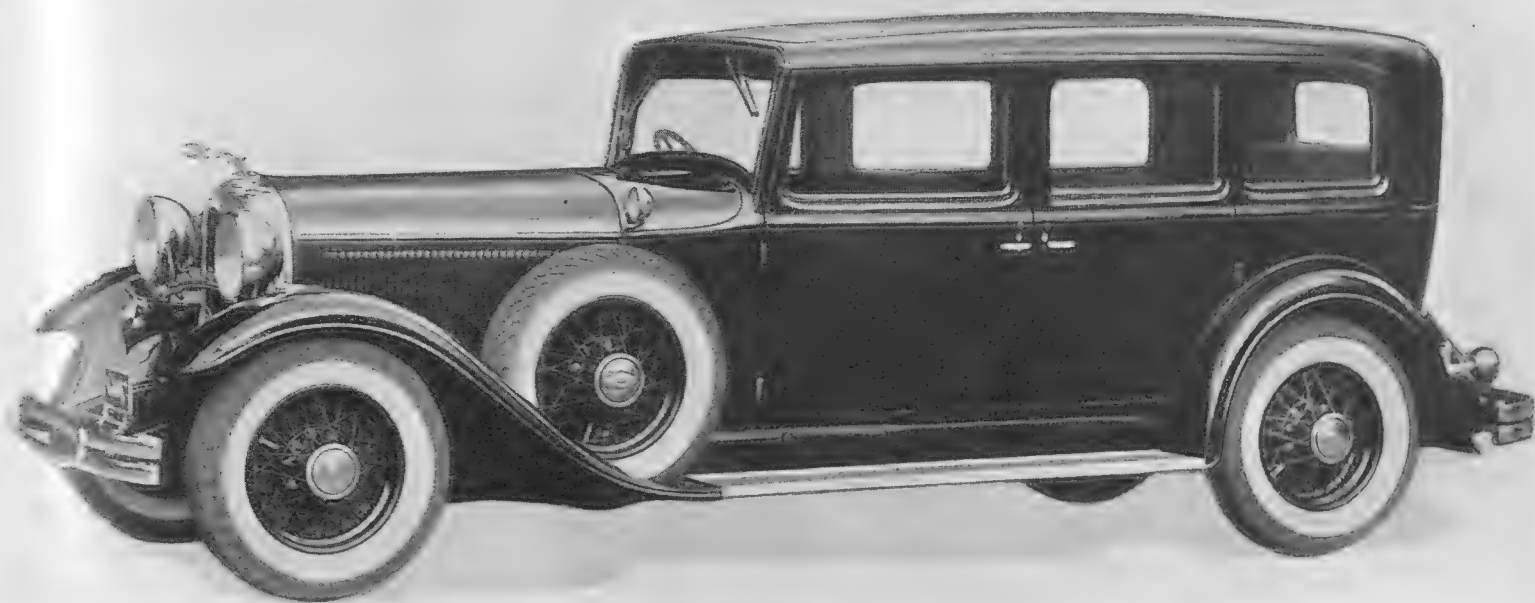
Do you know



all those "BEST" cars?

You do? Can you conceive something better still, quieter, smoother, sweeter, a car which automatically free-wheels the moment you release the accelerator-pedal, a car equally faultless as to engine, clutch, gear-box, brakes, steering, suspension, transmission, a car unexcelled in nicety of design, sterlingness of material, quality of finish, *in every detail?* There is such a car, the New LINCOLN!

Try it, over the most searching route you can suggest. Then, *only* then, let us tell you how very conservatively it is priced, for all its real, demonstrable perfection! A telephone-call will book a really informative trial-run; and until you have personally tried the New LINCOLN your motoring education is, impolite as it may look to say so, incomplete!



the LINCOLN ★

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, LINCOLN CAR DEPARTMENT, 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



Hay Wrightson
MISS MARY MARR JOHNSON

Who is engaged to Captain Robert Charles Henry Kidd, the Royals, the only son of the late Mr. Henry Kidd and Lady Mary Kidd, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Marr Johnson of Copt Hill Shaw, Burgh Heath, Surrey

son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bromet of the White House, Bishopthorpe, York, marries Miss Irene Ann Rowland Robertson, the elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel I. C. Robertson, C.M.G., C.I.E., C.B.E., I.M.S., and of Mrs. Robertson of the Gables, Northiam, and the wedding will take place at St. Mary's, Northiam; Mr. John Douglas Lloyd Hood, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hood of Hobart, Tasmania, and Miss Margaret Dewar MacLeod, the elder daughter of Sir James and Lady MacLeod, are also being married early in September.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

In Shanghai.

Captain George Charles Humphreys, the Northumberland Fusiliers, and Miss Doris Isabelle Baines were married last week, on the 18th, at Shanghai Cathedral. Captain Humphreys is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Humphreys of High Lea, Darlington, and his wife is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Berham Baines of Shanghai.

September.

A quiet wedding in September will be that between Mr. William Arnold Thorpe of the Victoria and Albert Museum, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Thorpe of Ross, Herefordshire, and Miss Josephine E. Maynard, the youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Maynard of 18, Gilston Road, The Boltons, S.W.; on the 5th of the same month Mr. Richard Evelyn Bromet, the third

Recently Engaged.

Captain Ian Fraser Hossack, Scinde Horse, the son of Alderman J. F. C. Hossack, J.P., F.R.C.S.E. and Mrs. Hossack, Ipswich, and Miss Heather Margaret McEuen, the daughter of the late Captain J. S. McEuen, 20 Deccan Horse and Mrs. McEuen of 37, Queen's Gate Gardens; Mr. Francis Granville Gordon Davey, the youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. H. S. Davey, C.M.G., and Mrs. Davey of 9, Somerset Place, Bath, and Miss Jean Robley, the younger daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Christopher Robley of 5, Heathgate, N.W.; Mr. Eric Kyle, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kyle of South Park Lodge, Sevenoaks, and Miss Mavis Helen Waydelin, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Waydelin of Wildershaw Cottage, Parkfield, Sevenoaks; Mr. Gerald E. Thubron, the North Staffordshire Regiment (the Prince of Wales's), only son of the late Mr. E. B. Thubron, engineer to the late Lord Kitchener's Dongola Expedition, and Mrs. Thubron of Preston Park, Sussex, and Miss Evelyn Dryden, the second daughter of the late Mr. John Erasmus Skottowe Dryden, Captain and Hon. Major 3rd Batt. the Northamptonshire Regiment; Mr. Dennis W. Thompson of Moresdale Hall, Westmorland, the son of Mrs. Thompson and the late Mr. W. W. Thompson, and Miss Mona Arthur, the daughter of Colonel L. F. Arthur, D.S.O., Parkstone, Dorset, and Mrs. Arthur.



Hay Wrightson
MISS ROSEMARY NICHOLL

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nicholl of Wargrave-on-Thames, whose engagement was announced at the end of last month to Mr. Peter James Cunliffe Horlick, the only son of Sir Ernest Horlick, Bart., and Lady Horlick of Cowley Manor, Glos.

**A Noted
ARTIST'S CHOICE**
PINK SKIN
WHITE TEETH
PERFECT SHAPE



**COW & GATE
BUILDS BEAUTY!**

Beauty and health go together. This beautiful baby was of course fed on Cow & Gate Milk Food—the perfect—safe—food for infants, the only food that is 'Next best to breast.'

The first nine months are the most critical in a child's life. If for any reason **your baby** cannot be nursed—**GET COW & GATE TO-DAY.**



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As a picture of child perfection this photograph was published in "The Evening News" for Oct. 15th, 1930.

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Air Eddies—continued from p. 140

Aerodrome at 9.18. It reached the coast at 9.45, was over Abbéville by 10.18, and landed at Le Bourget at 11.15. The Paris office was reached at 11.57, a total of 3 hr. 37 min. from door to door. With a light cross-wind the air journey was done by the Hannibal in under two hours, a refutation of the rumour that the cruising speed of this machine is below that of existing types.

The ground service by boat and train takes 6 hr. 38 min. for the same journey, so that, by air, the time-saving in this particular instance was 3 hr. 1 min. The average speed of the Hannibal for the above-mentioned journey was about 108 m.p.h., and the air speed when roughly corrected for altitude was most of the time between 95 and 105 m.p.h. And above all, the comfort was far superior to anything offered in any boat or train.

Comfort and Safety.

Next to cost and speed may be placed comfort and safety, although in actual fact these two often loom more largely in the prospective passenger's mind than he is ready to admit. It may be that people with no previous flying experience are happy when they are confined in the coffin-cabins of the older types of air-transport machines; but certainly people who have done most of their flying as pilot-in-charge are miserable. The lack of space, the lack of view, and the lack of light in the cabin combine to make flying in the best weather unsatisfactory.

The "42" eliminates all these troubles and gives silence, good view, plenty of room, and plenty of light. In the old machines the space per passenger was 40 cubic ft. In the "42" it is 75 cubic ft. The fuselage, being slung below the lower 'plane and being furnished with wide windows, give the passengers a good view of the ground. Conversation is in truth possible without raising the voice. In fact the cabins of the "42" are a great deal quieter than many London drawing-rooms! The ventilation is adequate, and the heating arrangements, when they are required in winter, should be effective enough to enable one to travel in the mantle of the Mahatma without discomfort.

During the four-and-a-half hours I spent in the machine in the air on the London-Paris-London journey there were no severe bumps. But over France there were a certain number of small bumps which gave some idea of how the machine would behave in bad weather. An aircraft with light wing loading like the "42" does not feel bumps less or more than a machine with high wing loading; it feels them in a different way. Whether you like the slower movement of the lightly loaded machine or the violent kicks of the heavily loaded machine is a

matter of personal taste. Certainly the "42" does not behave any worse in bumps than any other air-transport machine of comparable type.

As for safety, it is secured in as high a degree as is possible in the present state of aeronautical knowledge by three chief means: light wing loading, reserve of power, and adequate control. Light wing loading helps to secure quick take-off and short landing run; reserve of power results in the ability to fly and to climb with full load to as much as 10,000 ft. on any three out of the four Bristol engines, and adequate control is provided by correct proportioning of the surfaces, correct arrangement of the pilot's cockpit, the fitting of wheel-brakes and of wing slots.

A Criticism.

No machine appears but it is possible for the critic to suggest a better. But for the moment it will be more helpful to confine criticism to those details which can be altered. Of these the most noticeable is the interior decoration.

As previously remarked, the interior decoration of the Hannibal is not only old-fashioned but it is inappropriate. First, it is a fundamental of appropriate interior decoration that, to make a room look large, the surfaces should not be broken up more than is unavoidable. The Hannibal, with one of the largest cabins in existence, has the walls so decorated that the cabin looks half its real size. Every surface is broken up with meaningless scrawls and scrolls and squiggles and scribbles. Then again there are those flower vases, with their pathetically drooping flowers. In the most modern of modern vehicles those flower vases are an anachronism. So are the curtains and the chair covers. Those flower vases, curtains, and chair covers should instantly be torn out of the machine and burnt.

But these are minor criticisms; improvements in interior decoration can be and must be done in the seven other machines. If it is recognized that the proof of the aeroplane is in the flying the fundamental fact is that the "42's" are the best things in air transport aircraft in existence. It is for everyone who believes in flying to recommend them to their friends and to use them themselves.

Imperial Airways have responded to the call for greater comfort in aircraft; it remains for the public to show its appreciation of that response by patronizing their machines and by persuading other people to patronize them. The time has come when the air enthusiast may urge his non-aeronautical friends to travel by air without fear of their being disappointed. I say that everyone who travels in the new Imperial Airways fleet will enjoy a new and delightful experience.

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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

These notes will appear at the end of July when the centre Dog Show of interest has shifted from London. The next big show in the London area is the great K.C. Show at the beginning of October, preceded on September 30 and October 1 by the show of the Scottish K.C. at Edinburgh. There are also one-day Championship Shows at Worcester, on August 20, and Brighton, September 2. All members will sympathize with Mrs. Trelawney on the death of her mother which occurred on July 6. Mrs. Trelawney's mother had been an invalid for some years. I have already mentioned that the office will be closed for three weeks in August. This week the pictures sent in are all of terriers. First come the Australian terriers. These little dogs are slowly but surely making their way, as they are bound to when better known, as they combine great intelligence and sporting ways with extremely small size, which in these days of travelling by car and plane is very convenient. It is no trouble to tuck one's dog under one's arm. Mrs. Basset is the Secretary of the Australian Terrier Club (England). She sends a delightful photograph of some pups she has for sale; they should appeal to anyone wanting a small sporting breed a little out of the common. The sire was imported from Australia, and is a winner out there and here. Of the mother she says, "Winker weighs about eight pounds and follows me everywhere in London without a lead, very sporting and retiring, and the most devoted and faithful of friends." The puppies are three months old, just the right age and time of the year for starting on their own.



DANDIE PUPS
The property of Mrs. Carlyle



AUSTRALIAN TERRIER PUPS
The property of Mrs. Basset

The third terrier picture is also of a dog from north of the Tweed, just north this time, as we all know the dandie comes from just over the border. Mrs. Carlyle sends a charming picture of her dandie pups. She has two young gentlemen and a young lady for sale, also two older ladies, house-trained and over distemper, and two puppies, eight and six-and-a-half months old, also over distemper. All Mrs. Carlyle's dogs are used to being in the house, which makes such a difference.

Mrs. Rycroft has a good wire-haired dachshund lady for sale, thirteen months old, and a winner. She is over distemper and house-trained. Mrs. Rycroft says "she has wonderful bone and action and is improving daily." Wire-haired dachshunds have lately become very popular, and this is a chance to get a good one.

Does any member, preferably living in Devonshire, require a pupil to learn dog work and gardening? If so, will they write to me as I have an application for such a place?

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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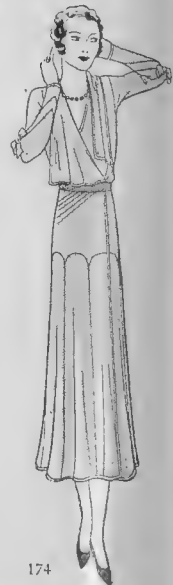
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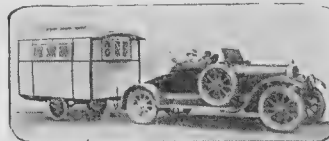
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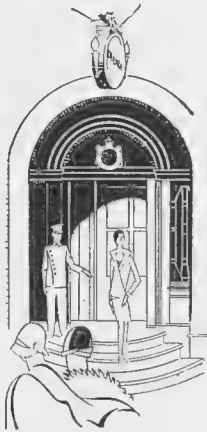
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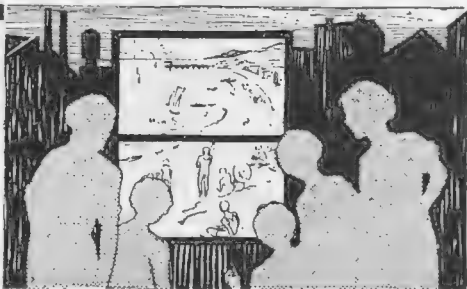
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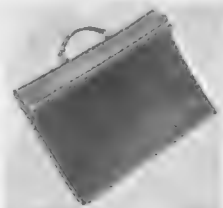
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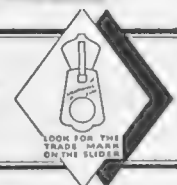
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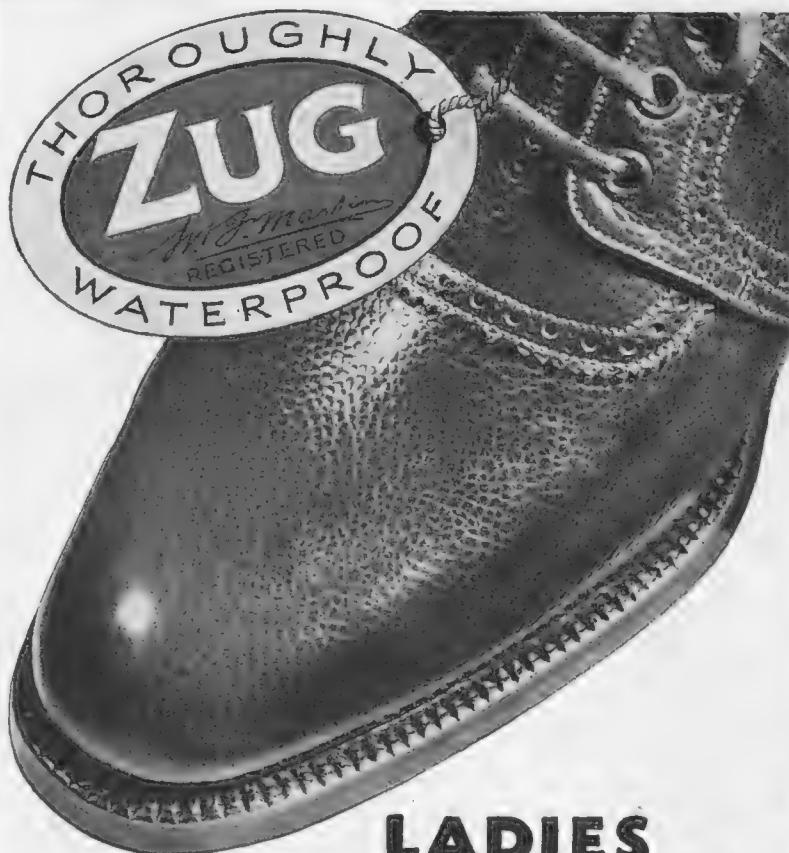
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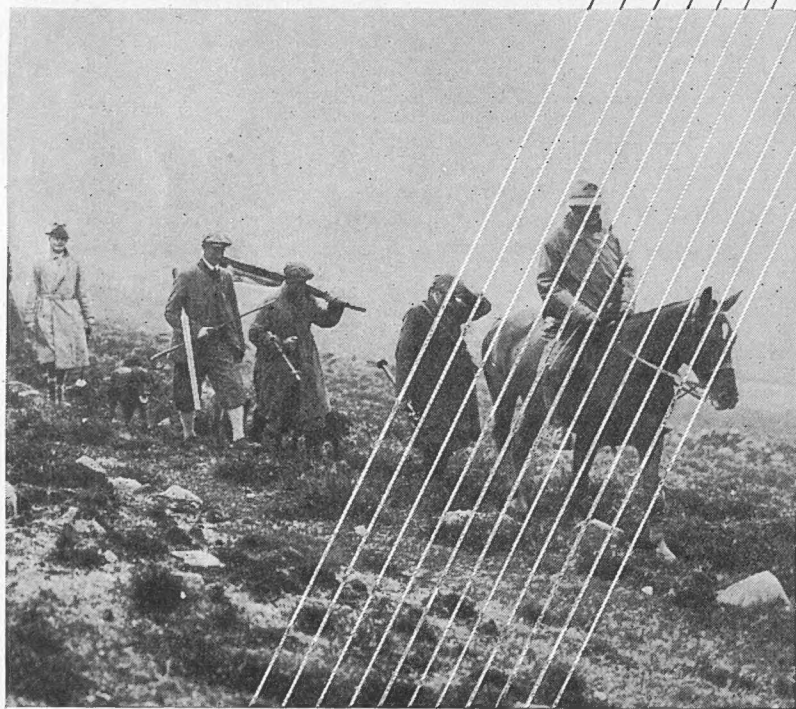
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Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

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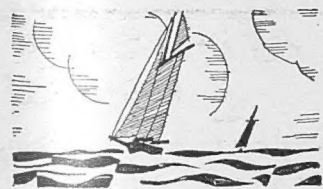


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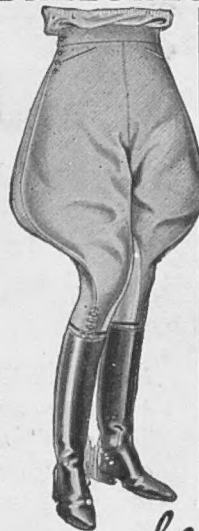
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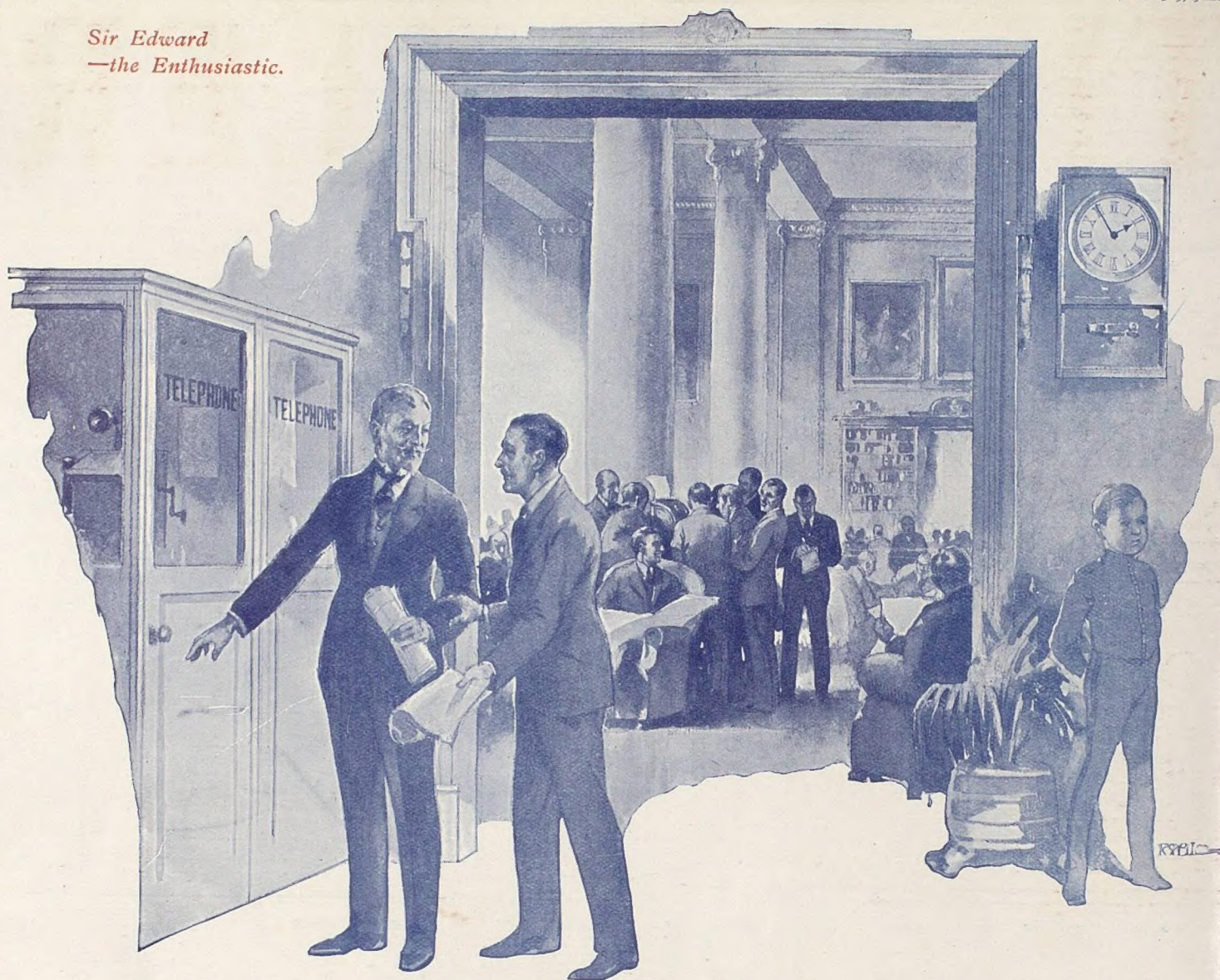
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*Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.*



A Meeting at Chepstow.

The Hon. Richard: "Haven't a moment to spare, it's five minutes to two. Can you get £100 on 'SAUCEPOT' in the 2 o'clock race at Chepstow?"

Sir Edward: "Certainly. Wait a minute while I 'phone."

The Hon. Richard: "Am I on?"

Sir Edward: "Of course you are—never any question! Now perhaps you'll explain why you arrived here out of breath and full of excitement."

The Hon. Richard: "Well, Ted, I was lunching at the Embassy at 1.30. Nobby told me his horse was sure to win the 2 o'clock race. I rang up half a dozen Agents and the reply from each was—'Sorry, not betting at Chepstow.'"

Sir Edward: "Did they give any reason?"

The Hon. Richard: "None whatever."

Sir Edward: (Looking at tape machine) "'Saucepot' has won at 8 to 1."

The Hon. Richard: "So I am really indebted to you for £800."

Sir Edward: "Not to me, Dick, but to 'Duggie,' who, I always say, is the Prince of Turf Accountants—unlike those who want it all their own way."

The Hon. Richard: "Meaning?"

Sir Edward: "Well, most of them only allow you to bet at certain meetings selected by them. No matter how late you 'phone Temple Bar 4466, or how much you want on, 'Duggie' offers you every facility either at 'Tote' odds or starting price; *that's why I'm so enthusiastic about him.*"

*Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to
"Duggie" now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.*

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON